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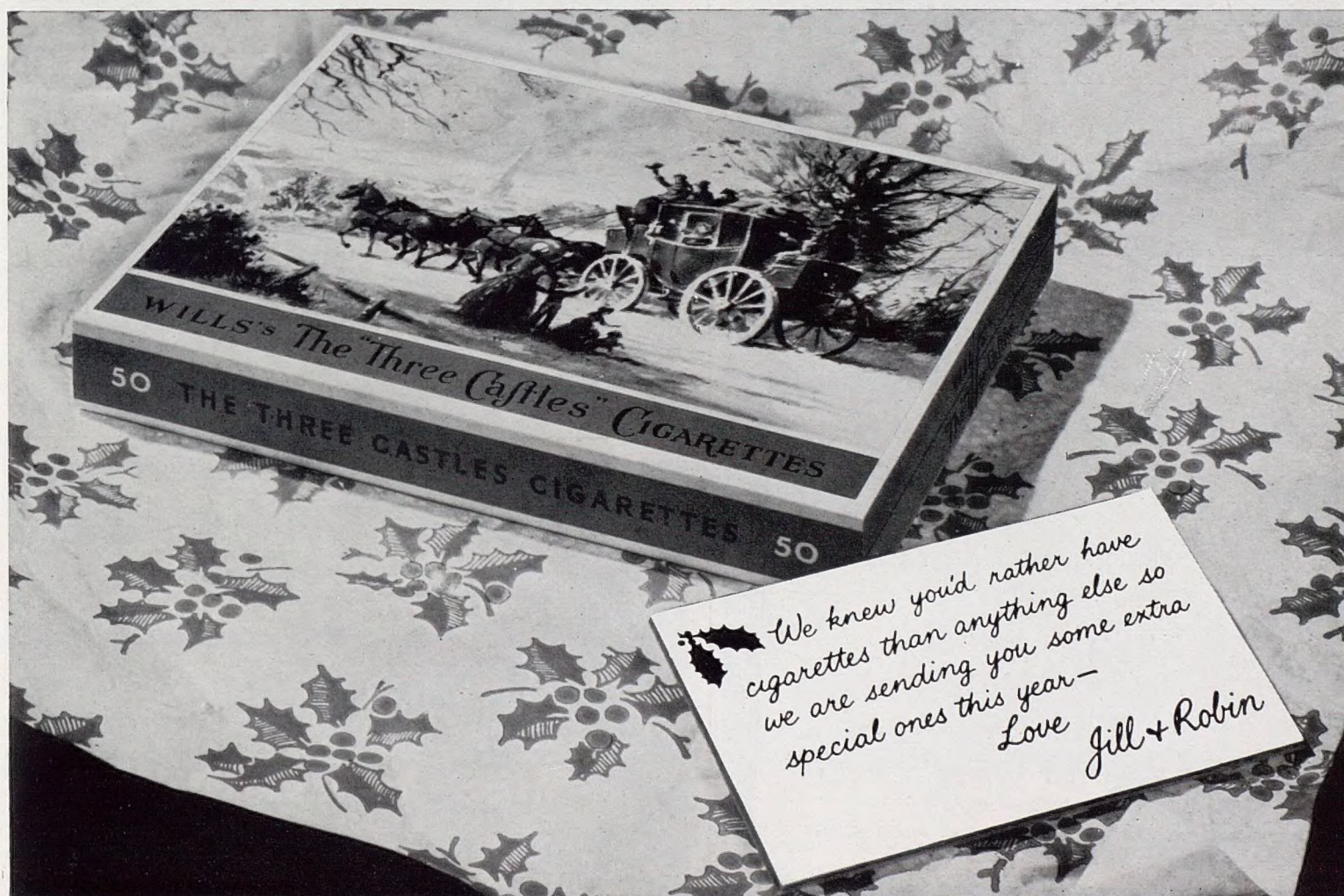
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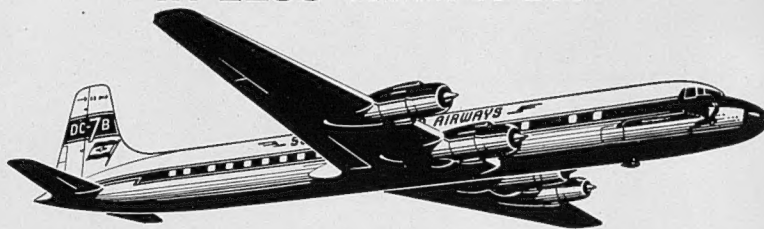
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MRS. JOHN FINDLAY is the beautiful nineteen-year-old wife of Mr. John Findlay, of Cathcart Road, London, S.W.10. She is keenly interested in all outdoor sport, particularly in riding, tennis and ski-ing and is looking forward to going to Austria this season for winter sports. She is the daughter of the late Mr. John Govett, of The Manor House, Newton Stacey, and Mrs. Govett

DIARY OF THE WEEK

From December 19 to December 26

Dec. 19 (Wed.) The Cyril and Bernard Mills luncheon and initial performance of Bertram Mills Circus at Olympia.

Carol Concert by the Royal Choral Society, at the Royal Albert Hall.

The Barnado County Ball at the Imperial Hotel, Torquay.

Racing at Southwell (one day).

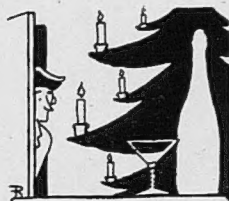
Dec. 20 (Thur.) Viscountess Hailsham's Children's Party at Admiralty House, in aid of Queen Elizabeth's Training College for the Disabled.

British Trade Route to the East Exhibition, opens at the House of Bewlay, Park Lane.

Cinderella On Ice opens at the Empire Pool, Wembley.

Lady (Donald) Anderson and Mrs. Cyril Kleinwort's dance for Miss Jennifer Anderson and Miss Charlotte Kleinwort, at Claridge's.

Annual dance for ten to sixteen-year-olds in aid of the Feathers Clubs, at the Seymour Hall, W.1.



Dec. 21 (Fri.) The Stevenson Hunt Ball at the Portledge Hotel near Bideford.

The Whaddon Chase Hunt Ball at The Old Ride, Little Horwood (by permission of the Rev. T. H. and Mrs. Flynn).



Dec. 22 (Sat.) Tom Arnold's Harringay Circus opens at the Harringay Arena.

Rugby Football at Murrayfield, Edinburgh; Scottish Districts XV v. Combined South African Universities.

Dec. 23 (Sun.)

Dec. 24 (Mon.) Christmas Eve.


Dec. 25 (Tues.) Christmas Day.
H.R.H. The Duchess of Gloucester's birthday.

Dec. 26 (Wed.) Boxing Day.
Special Boxing Day meet of the Worcester hounds at Brine Baths Hotel, Droitwich Spa.

Racing at Fontwell Park, Market Rasen, Sedgefield, Wetherby, Wincanton (all one day), and Kempton Park and Wolverhampton (two days).

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**BRIDGE PLAYERS
DIARY AND
GUIDE**

for
1957

with
CONTRACT BRIDGE BIDDING TABLES
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Compiled by Capt. V. R. ULLMAN, M.C., The Surrey County Player,
and edited by NICO GARDENER, ESQ., The International World
Master Player and Director of the London School of Bridge.

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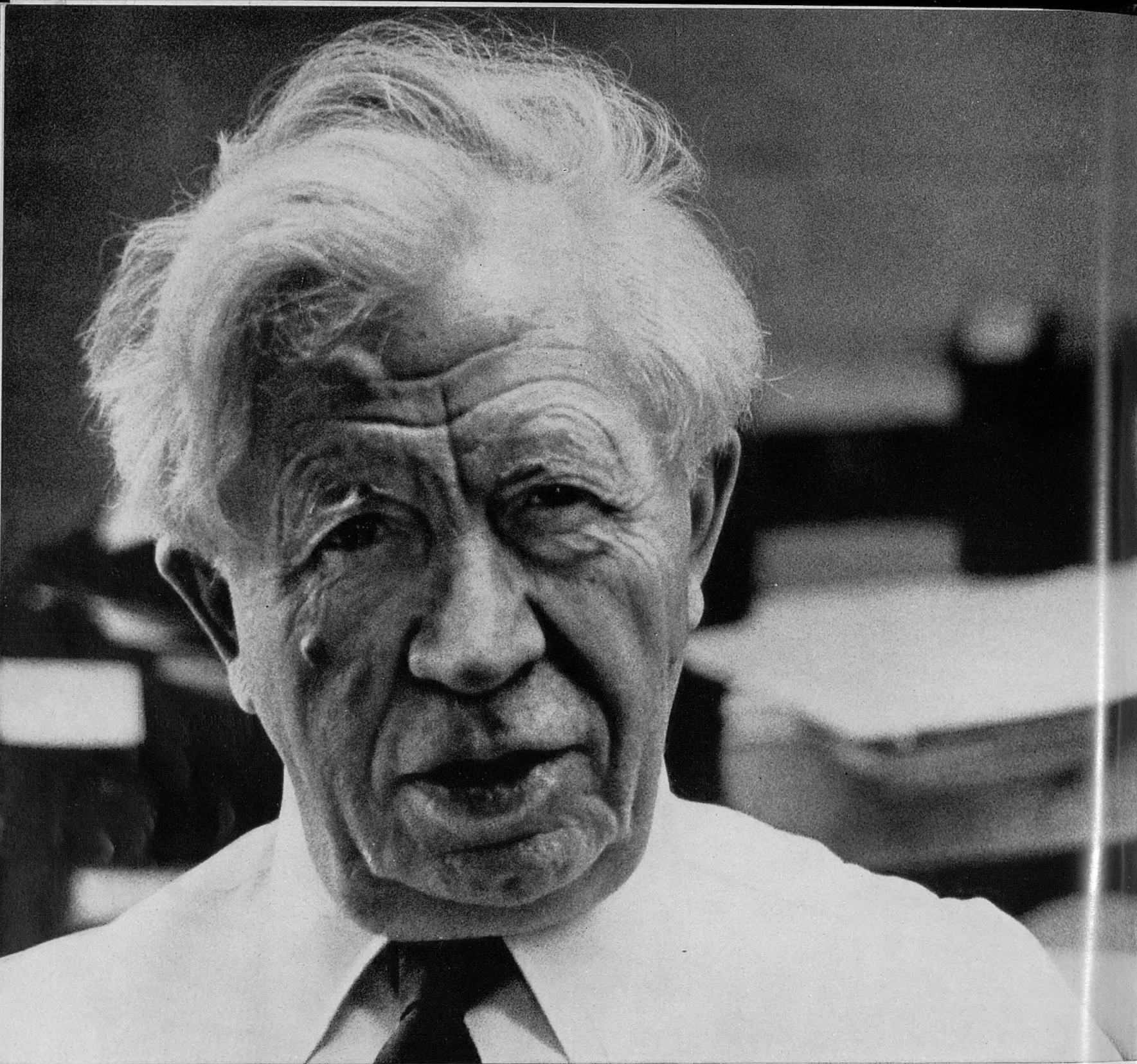


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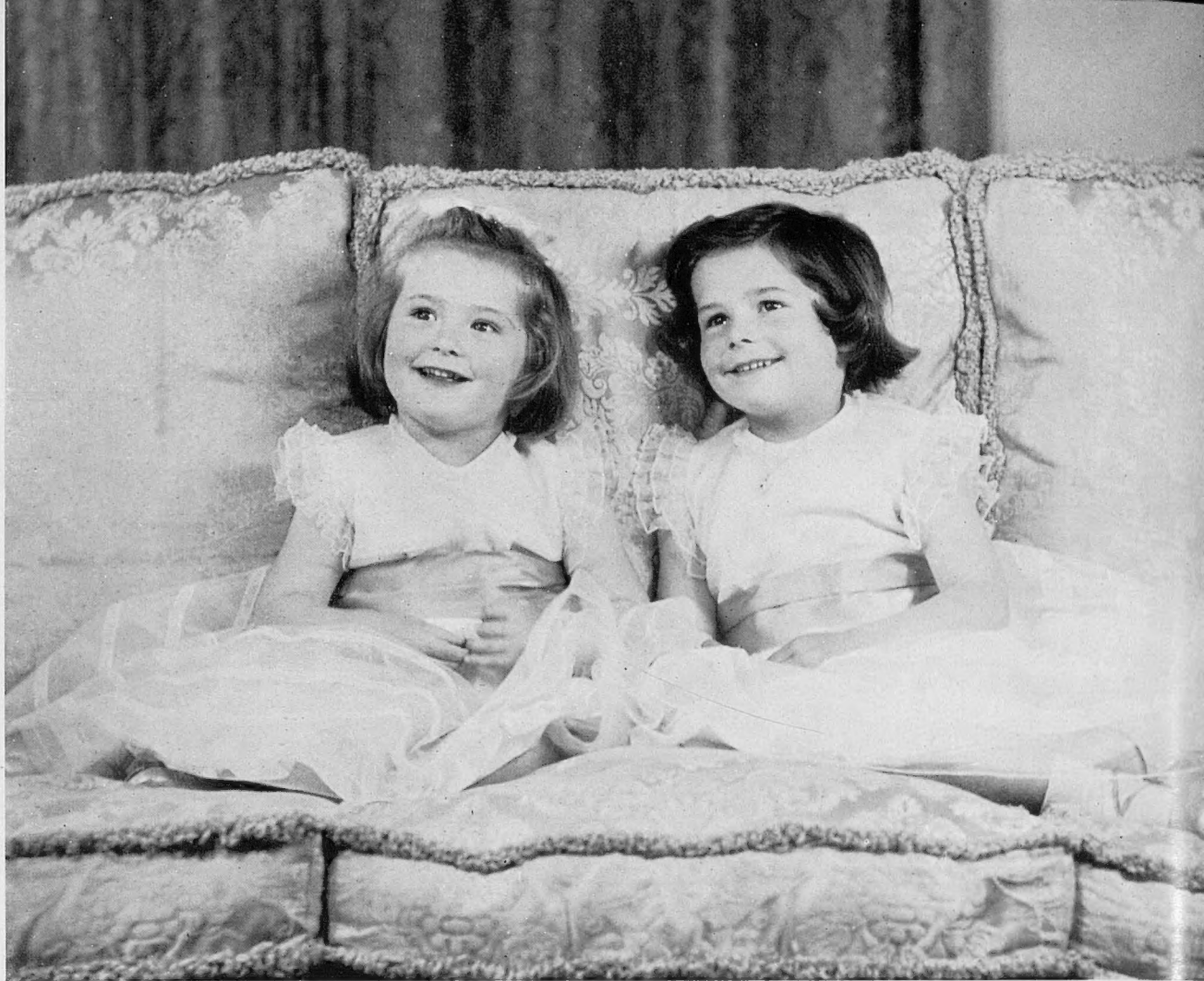
A wedding engagement in Scotland

BARONESS JEANETTE JUEL-BROCKDORFF is the eldest daughter of Baron and Baroness Erik Juel-Brockdorff, of Hindemae, Ullerslev, in Denmark, and Graden, Kelso, Roxburghshire. Her engagement was announced last month to Capt.

Walter James O'Connor, who is in the Seaforth Highlanders. Capt. O'Connor is the son of Lady O'Connor and stepson of General Sir Richard O'Connor, G.C.B., D.S.O., M.C., who is a D.L. for Ross and Cromarty, of Kincurdie House, Rosemarkie

TWO LITTLE GIRLS IN HAMPSHIRE

SERENA and Sarah, aged four and five years old respectively, are the daughters of Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Christopher Boot Holman, and are seen at their home, Thedden, Alton, Hampshire. They are the granddaughters of Lord and Lady de Mauley, their mother before her marriage in 1950 being the Hon. Elizabeth Ponsonby. The late Lord Trent was their father's uncle



Social Journal

Jennifer

A SEASON FOR HOPEFULNESS

TO our beloved Queen, all members of the Royal Family and readers all over the world—a very happy Christmas. Our thoughts will also be with those who are suffering such hardship in Hungary, and the thousands of refugees who will be parted from their dear ones this Christmas. May their prayers and ours be answered, for peace and goodwill to be restored in their country and in all parts of this troubled world during the coming year.

★ ★ ★

A GOLDEN Wedding is a wonderful, but I am afraid, a rather rare achievement in these troubled days, so it was with great pleasure that I went to an exceptionally happy, simple and sincere little party to celebrate the Golden Wedding of a much beloved couple—Lord and Lady Brabazon of Tara. This took place at the Royal Automobile Club, a very appropriate setting, as Lord Brabazon was a pioneer motorist as well as aviator. Lord Brabazon especially, and his charming wife also, have taken an active interest in public life for much of the fifty years they have been married. They have both extended kindness wherever they have gone, and this has been reciprocated by a host of friends all over the world—so many that they could not begin to invite all their acquaintances to this celebration.

Just a few close friends, chosen from the different activities Lord Brabazon has interested himself in, were present; the Marquess Camden who had just come up from spending a weekend in the warm clubhouse (coke central heating!) of the Royal Yacht Squadron at Cowes, Earl and Countess St. Aldwyn, Sir Derrick and Lady Gunston, Col. and Mrs. Towers Clark and Miss Morton from Bembridge—all old friends from sailing days. Miss Morton showed me an enchanting oval gold dish which members of the Redwing Club had given as a memento of the occasion.

Earl Howe accompanied by Countess Howe, Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Brown and Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Mackle were among members of the motoring world I met. Friends in aviation, for which Lord Brabazon holds the first pilot's certificate in this country, included Air Marshal Sir Christopher Courtney and Lady Courtney, Viscount Knollys, chairman of Vickers, and Viscountess Knollys, Mr. Kenneth

Davies, chairman of the Royal Aero Club, and Mrs. Davies, Col. "Mossy" Preston and his wife, and Mr. Richard Fairey, who flies his own helicopter and is a great enthusiast for this form of transport. He flew Lord Brabazon over to the Deauville Air Rally last year, but in his Rapide, not the helicopter.

Mrs. Fairey, who also has a pilot's licence, was at the party, and so were Mr. Butler, the former chairman of de Havillands, and Mrs. Butler. They have both flown aeroplanes for many years, and Mrs. Butler, as one of the leading pilots in the A.T.A. during the war, often saw Lord Brabazon, who was for some time Minister of Transport and then Minister of Aircraft Production, when she was delivering new planes. I also met a few friends who have enjoyed racing on toboggans against Lord Brabazon on the hazardous Cresta Run at St. Moritz, where he won the coveted Curzon Cup in 1920, 1922 and 1927. Among these were Col. "Jimmy" Coats, who took over the presidency of the Cresta Club from Lord Brabazon a few years ago, Mr. John Crammond and his wife, young Mr. Schellenberg, a very promising Cresta rider, and of course Lord and Lady Brabazon's son and heir, the Hon. Derek Moore-Brabazon, and his wife, who last year took their nine-year-old son out to St. Moritz to show him the way down the Cresta.

★ ★ ★

LORD DOUGLAS OF KIRTLESIDE was guest of honour at the Downhill Only Ski Club dinner dance, held at the Savoy. Although he is not a skier—in fact, has never been on skis—Lord Douglas, as chairman of B.E.A., is responsible for the transportation of many winter sports enthusiasts each winter. Lady Douglas accompanied him and they sat with the president, Mr. Kenneth Foster, and Mrs. Foster. Also in the party were Mrs. Paul Hepworth, one of the vice-presidents, Mr. and Mrs. Pat Rankin, the latter looking charming in a beige satin dress, and Mr. David Foster. Mr. Christopher Mackintosh, the other vice-president, and his attractive wife, who was in yellow chiffon, were in a party with Sir Adrian Jarvis, the former president, and Mr. and Mrs. Barnard-Hankey.

The president in his speech referred to the passing of Mr. Paul Hepworth, a great personality and for many years honorary treasurer of the Club, who died last August; and to Mme. Fritz Borter who will

be remembered for her charm and kindness by all who have stayed at the Palace Hotel at Wengen. Here she and her husband have given visitors from all over the world a big welcome, and taken personal care for their comfort. Mme. Borter died last month.

Many of those present at the dinner-ball were making plans for winter sports during the season, which opens in Christmas week at Wengen. There is a Slalom on Christmas Day, and other fixtures include the Wengen Junior Championships beginning on January 3, the Coggins Championship on January 7, the race for the International Lauberhorn Cup on January 12 and 13, the British Ski-Running Championship for Ladies on January 15, and other races right on to the first week in March, including the Wengen No-Fall Championship for the *Sunday Times* Cup scheduled for February 21. Last season's winner of this event, the Hon. Christopher Parnell, was at the dinner-dance. Others I saw included Col. and Mrs. Hensman, Mr. George Paxton, a great curling enthusiast, Mr. and Mrs. Curly Rogers with a big family party, Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Walduck, Mr. Robert Giddings, Mr. Dick Edmonds, the new editor of the D.H.O. Journal, which he has produced so well, and Miss Pat Smythe, just back from fresh victories at international horse shows on the Continent, and hoping to fit in a winter sports holiday this winter.

★ ★ ★

I WENT for a short time to a cocktail party which Mrs. Edward Eyre gave for her daughter, Miss Dorothy Eyre, to celebrate her eighteenth birthday, at 6 Stanhope Gate. Dorothy came out last season and had her coming-out dance in the summer. Many of her young friends from childhood and from her schooldays at the Convent at Ascot—and others she had made during the season—were there at the party, where a band played for dancing. There were also a few parents present, including Lord and Lady Remnant and their daughter the Hon. Susan Remnant, Viscountess Maitland and her daughter Lady Mary Maitland, Count and Countess Brockenhuus-Schack and their daughter Countess Dagmar Brockenhuus-Schack, Mrs. Kenneth Lindsay and her daughter Anne, and the Countess of Antrim and Lady Christina McDonnell.

Other young girls dancing and enjoying this party were Miss Susan Berry, Miss Julia Stonor, Miss Jenny Elwes, Miss Gay Lowson, the Hon. Susan Scott-Ellis, Miss Margaret de Salis, Miss Belinda Coryton and Miss Sheila Barry. Young men included Mr. Paul Channon, Mr. Mark and Mr. Tim Elwes, the Hon. Robert and the Hon. Edward Biddulph, Mr. Robin Herbert (who has inherited much of the charm of his parents, the late Sir John and Lady Mary Herbert), Mr. Ralph Assheton, M.P., and the Earl of Brecknock. Mr. Eyre, who had arrived back from America by air that morning, was there to help his wife look after the guests, and their younger daughter, eleven-year-old Caroline, was an enchanting little figure in a frilly white dress, greeting late arrivals with her mother.

★ ★ ★

A VERY welcome visitor to London recently was Mme. Massigli, the very chic and decorative wife of M. Rene Massigli, former French Ambassador at the Court of St. James's. During the eleven years her husband was Ambassador here they made a great many friends. She was a superb hostess and entertained magnificently at their fine Embassy in Kensington Palace Gardens, and before that at Lowndes House which was rented as an Embassy residence until the present one was ready after the war.

Now the Massiglis have a charming flat in Paris, decorated with exquisite taste, overlooking the River Seine in avenue d'Orsay, where I visited them when I was last in Paris in October. Mme. Massigli also has a fascinating country house in Corsica (one of the sunniest and most enchanting islands I have ever visited) which incidentally she tells me she wants to rent, complete with her fishing boat which she keeps in the bay at the port of St. Florent a few miles away, for part of next summer between May and September. She will then have to be in Paris and possibly sometimes in London, as her niece who lives with her, Mlle. Jacqueline Massigli, makes her debut next season. Jacqueline, who is a most attractive girl, was at school over here and has many young friends in this country, and I expect we shall see her at quite a number of the debutante dances.

During her visit Mme. Massigli, who happily has quite recovered from her long illness and is looking so fit and well, was the guest of the Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch in their Grosvenor Square flat. Mrs. John Ward gave a cocktail party for her at her home in Chester Street on the night of her arrival, and long before the party was over Mme. Massigli had no more dates free for lunch, tea or dinner in the ten days elapsing before her return to Paris!

★ ★ ★

THE Lifeboat Ball took place this year at the May Fair Hotel, and once again was well patronized. The Royal National Lifeboat Institution, supported entirely by voluntary contributions, is such an outstandingly good cause that one feels everyone should make an effort

[Continued overleaf]



The Central School of Speech and Drama celebrated its Golden Jubilee with a "Cavalcade Of 1906" at the Saville Theatre. Above: Mr. Nicholas Hannen, Miss Margaret Rawlings and Miss Irene Worth, who took part

Mr. Peter Lambda, Miss Anna Dawson and Miss Jennifer Daniel

Mrs. Sutro, Mr. Edward Sutro, Mrs. Hay and Dr. Hugh Hay



Van Hallan
Mrs. Dorothy Hampton, Mrs. K. Stephens and Mr. H. Oscar



Mrs. Sally Sherrier talking to Mr. Tyrone Power

ANGLO-U.S. WEDDING

THE wedding of Mr. Rudolph E. Burger, Jr., of Long Island, N.Y., and Miss Edwina Barford took place at the Grosvenor Chapel, South Audley Street. Left, the bride and bridegroom await guests at the Dorchester reception



Mr. Edward Barford, the Hon. Mrs. Herbert Buchmaster, and Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Burger, parents of the couple

to raise funds for it. The lucky programmes at the ball were sold by men of the Lifeboat Service, very smart in their dark blue sweaters and red woollen caps.

Lady Thomas, wife of General Sir Ivor Thomas, was chairman of the ball this year, and looked very pretty in a cream satin crinoline embroidered in gold; she had a big party at the top table. Sitting with her were the Norwegian Ambassador, who was a patron of the ball, and Mme. Prebensen, very elegant in red, and Earl and Countess Mountbatten of Burma. The latter, who looked very chic and attractive in shimmering white satin and a lovely diamond necklace and other jewels, is President of the Central London Branch of the Ladies' Lifeboat Guild, for which, as for every other activity she undertakes, she works very hard. Mrs. Alexander Eddy, who is a chairman of this branch of the Guild, was there with Mr. Eddy, and also in the party were Earl Howe, who has been chairman of the R.N.L.I. for many years, Countess Howe, General Sir Ivor Thomas, and Lord and Lady Stamp. Earl Howe's son, Viscount Curzon, with his attractive South African-born wife, and his eldest daughter Lady Georgiana Curzon, were also at the ball.

DURING dinner there was a brief dress show by Worth, and at midnight a cabaret. On the floor below the ballroom a tombola had been arranged, as well as a second dance floor, which eased the congestion in the main ballroom. Trying their luck at the tombola I met Sir Charles and Lady Russell, Mr. Ronald and Lady Gloria Flower, Lord and Lady Chesham, and Mr. and Mrs. Derek Hague, who have bought a house near Wantage, much to the regret of their friends in London, who fear they will not see so much of them. Mrs. John Terry, the very charming and efficient secretary of the Central London Branch, was here, too, busy seeing that everything was going to plan.

The Mayor and Mayoress of Westminster, Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Stirling, brought a big party which they had at two tables—Mrs. Stirling was one of the vice-chairmen of the ball—and others I saw supporting this very good cause were Lady Petre who came in Mr. Timothy Tufnell's party, Mrs. Gilbert Mansell who had Vice-Admiral and Mrs. Patrick McLoughlin in her party, Princess Galitzine, Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Graeme Parish, Mr. and Mrs. David Wilkinson, Major and Mrs. Edward Christie Miller, Capt. and Mrs. Spencer Moore, Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Wall Row and Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Grumbar.

★ ★ ★

IWENT to the opening of an exhibition of drawings and designs by the Hon. Stephen Tennant at Gallery One, in D'Arblay Street, which was performed by Lady Juliet Duff with a delightful little speech. Before the opening there were a few introductory words by Mr. Stephen Spender, who spoke of the outstanding quality of the pictures, which, he said, are perhaps the best of their kind in the country. There was

such a big crowd in this very small gallery that it was not easy to see Mr. Tennant's work. Among those present at the opening were Princess Bibesco, the artist's sister the Hon. Mrs. Tennyson, who stood beside Lady Juliet Duff, Lady Cynthia Asquith, who bought one of the pictures, Mr. Derek Hill over from Ireland where, he told me, he is living in a remote part of the country and painting, and Loelia Duchess of Westminster with Mrs. John Dewar.

★ ★ ★

AT the Royal Horticultural Hall I went to see the Christmas Decorations Competition organized by the National Floral Arrangement Society. The large number of exhibits in the seven classes, which quite filled the hall, were varied and original, and some very artistic. Most popular class seemed to be a sideboard arrangement, open only to members who had not won a first, second or third prize at a N.F.A.S. Competition. The first prize and gold medal in this class went to Mr. Douglas Hurst, and Mrs. B. Parrett was awarded a bronze medal. A charming decoration in this class was also one arranged by Mrs. J. Lutuyche, of red carnations and holly in a candelabra holding red candles.

The Christmas arrangement for hanging against a wall or door gave much scope for imagination, and one exhibit had Father Christmas in a sleigh coming through a hoop of holly at a hazardous angle! The first prize and gold medal went to Miss P. P. Page, who had done a most artistic arrangement of blue leaves and fairy bells entwined through a silver hoop. Mrs. Harry Dean, the second prizewinner, used three pieces of painted white wickerwork made in the shape of leaves, with painted and sprayed fircones and gilded bells. The Hon. Mrs. J. Kitson, another exhibitor in this class, had a very effective arrangement of ivy leaves and holly.

Mrs. A. Gotobed, who was second in the Christmas dinner-table arrangement with a vase of red poinsettias and red candles to match in silver candlesticks, won the class for "A Christmas Theme," depicting the jovial aspect of Christmas, while the winner of the dinner-table arrangement was Mrs. S. Pullan, who had chosen yellow flowers, foliage and berries with yellow candles on a yellow cloth; Lady Hume Williams's charming and delicate arrangement in red and white was highly commended.

"A Sacred Christmas Theme," for which fresh material only could be used, with any accessories, must have been a difficult class to judge as there were so many beautiful and reverent arrangements. The Gold Prizewinning entry was perfect in its solemn, serene simplicity. It was an exquisite cream-coloured model of a Madonna holding the Child, standing beside a bowl of palest cream mixed flowers and yellow berries superbly arranged in a little bowl. Underneath were the words, "Wondrous Gifts of God." This, to my mind the perfect exhibit in a very good show, was the work of Mrs. Ena Harkness.

Mr. John Buckmaster and a bridesmaid, Miss Virginia Estcourt

Miss Sarah Worthington-Evans and Miss Pauline Tooth



Mr. David Rutland and Miss Julia Roys

Mr. Clive Barford and Miss Joy Urwick

PRINCESS MARGARET, wearing a pastel satin dress, with a striped satin stole and attended by Miss Iris Peake, went to the ball in aid of the Dockland Settlements at the Savoy. She was accompanied by a party of young friends, including the Marquess and Marchioness of Blandford, Major Edward and the Hon. Mrs. Ford and Mr. Billy Wallace and they sat at one of the tables beside the dance-floor. Sir Reginald Kennedy-Cox, founder of the Dockland Settlements and for years a very active worker on behalf of the Settlements, I saw hurrying around, after receiving the guests with Mrs. Alan Selborne, chairman of the Ball Committee, and His Honour Sir Gerald Hargreaves, Honorary Chairman of the ball. Mrs. Selborne, very attractive in a beaded white tulle and satin dress, was a splendid chairman, and really worked hard at organizing the event, for which tickets were sold out some time before the evening.

Trumpeters of the Royal Horse Guards, looking picturesque in their gold-braided uniforms, lined up on the dance-floor and played a fanfare as Princess Margaret and her party walked in to take their places at table.

After dinner, when dancing began, the floor became very crowded, so many guests went down to the adjoining room where there were various sideshows, including a Bottle Hoop-la, a B.S.M. Driving-Test car which recorded your road reactions, a Polyfoto and a clairvoyant. Near the Driving-Test car I saw the Hon. Gerald Lascelles, who is very mechanically minded, and Mr. John Houlder, one of the finest amateur pilots in this country, who was with one of the many big parties there; Mrs. Alan Selborne had a very big party and so did Mr. and Mrs. Dino Daponte.

Sir Gordon and Lady Vereker had a party of about ten with them, their guests including Lady Jaffray, Mr. Teddy Remington Hobbs, Mr. and Mrs. Antony Norman and Lady Vereker's very charming god-daughter, Miss Philippa Nickalls, who looked attractive in a red and white printed organza dress.

OTHERS at the ball, supporting this excellent cause, included Lady Hargreaves, Lord May, Lord and Lady Colwyn—who had been largely responsible for organizing the Bottle Hoop-la, which was a tremendous success—Mr. and Mrs. David Drummond, Mr. Robert Pilkington, Lord Waleran, the Hon. Mrs. Roger Mostyn, Col. Claude de Guerre the French Military attaché, Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Grumbar, and Miss Mardie Madden, one of the pretty young girls selling lucky programmes. These programmes had a most attractive cover—a coloured reproduction of Pietro Annigoni's "Good Samaritan."

At midnight there was a splendid cabaret done by Shani Wallis and the George Mitchell Singers, Ronnie Stevens, the Four Ramblers, and Brian Reece, who all very kindly gave their services to help this deserving cause.

Pictures of the ball will be found on pages 698 and 699



Lady Vincent and General Sir Brian Robertson and Lady Robertson

Mr. E. V. Cobb, Mrs. Cobb and the best man, Mr. Milan Burger



Desmond O'Neill

Mrs. Raphael, Col. Ralph Raphael and the Hon. Mrs. Hubbard



Norman Wisdom in silhouette as the hero of "Aladdin," which opens at the Palladium on December 22. (Houston Rogers photograph.) (Below), a charming Principal Girl of today: Angela Anderson in "Humpty-Dumpty," the Arthur Askey pantomime shortly coming to the Golders Green Hippodrome. She is a New Zealander



THE GLORIOUS NOONTIDE OF THE PRINCIPAL BOY

SYDNEY CARTER descants upon the passing of the golden age of pantomime, when Britain's chief theatres vied with each other in the production of the lushest hero-heroine

To the Theatre," wrote Mr. Pepys, "where a woman acted Parthenia, and came afterwards on a stage in men's clothes, and had the best legs I ever saw, and I was very well pleased with it."

Already, girls were dressing up as Boys. In Shakespeare's day the boys had been dressing up as Girls. This never seems to happen now, except at public schools where female Juliets are still in short supply; and, of course, in Pantomime, where the Dame is normally a man. Against this small incursion into female territory must be set the vast and shameless raids made by the enemy on male preserves. All the choicer roles in Shakespeare have been played by celebrated actresses. Peg Woffington, in the reign of George II, was Lothario; she was also Macheath in *The Beggar's Opera*. Mrs. Siddons and later Sarah Bernhardt both played Hamlet. Lucille La Verne appeared in the more unlikely role of Shylock. Eleanor Duse even had a shot at being Lear.

When did Sir Henry Irving ever play Ophelia?

But it is in pantomime that the Boy played by a girl has become so firmly fixed that it is almost impossible to get her out. Not (I hasten to add) that I would like to. The momentous news that Norman Wisdom is to play Aladdin will arouse mixed feelings in the breast of many an old uncle. It doesn't seem quite natural. At this rate that crazy, mixed-up kid called Peter Pan will soon be played by Marlon Brando.

How did the Principal Boy get into pantomime? He (she) was not always there. In the roaring days of George II the king-pin of pantomime was Harlequin: a greedy, rascally and vital character before he faded into the dim and pointless figure whom we know today. If, indeed, we can be said to know him; for in many modern pantomimes there is no Harlequin at all.

It was in 1717 or thereabouts that the label "pantomime" was first affixed to the chaotic form of entertainment which it then was, and still is. The antics of Harlequin were somehow inserted into a tale of star-crossed lovers, drawn from the classics or some other source. After a somewhat tragic opening, the Good Fairy might appear and wave her wand; whereupon the lover would be transformed to Harlequin, the girl to Columbine, her crotchety father (or equivalent) to Pantaloon, her unwanted suitor to a clown. A mad, knockabout elopement would ensue, full of custard pie and topicalities. There were other ways of doing it; but the ending had to be spectacular and happy.

Please note that the hero was, so far, a man; sometimes an actor of the highest quality. Garrick once played Harlequin. Not that the gallery worried much about the hero when Grimaldi was the Clown. The old, heroic age of pantomime, when Boys were boys, began to falter about the middle of the nineteenth century. Plots became more boneless; stars from the music hall, burlesque and elsewhere began to filter in. With them came the girl who played the Boy, already well established in these rival media. By 1882 a starchy critic could complain: "Why must the hero always be a woman dressed in tights and tunic?" The citadel had fallen; but it gave the panto a new lease of life.



Fanny Leslie as Robinson Crusoe at Drury Lane, in 1881



Billie Barlow in the stupendously successful "Little Boy Blue"



Another nursery rhymester was Lily Morris in "Jack And Jill"

Now began the age of the Principal Boy; of Nellie Stewart, Billie Barlow, Ada Reeve, Lily Morris and all those other gorgeous creatures who quickened the pulses of our male progenitors: who gaze at us so coyly, or with such aplomb, arrayed so unconvincingly as Dick Whittington or Robin Hood, when we turn the pages of uncle's album. Of Harriett Vernon, with her monumental curves, who sang "Cheer up and let's be jolly," "Ting-a-ling" and, most appropriately, "Where are the Boys of the Old Brigade?"

Where, indeed? The male Boys had been routed utterly. A few good-looking baritones came skulking back from 1912 to 1914, claiming to be the Marquis of C or Prince Auriol; but World War One put an end to that. Here, as elsewhere, the girls stepped manfully into the breach, shouldering their Boyish burden, slapping their thighs and pretending gallantly to be what, so voluptuously, they were not.

DAMES go on the same for ever: but the contours of the Boy reflect the Spirit of the Age. The Aladdins of the twenties were a skimpy lot compared to their full-busted predecessors. Not that I have any complaint to make: my taste was cradled in the era of the cloche and Russian Boot—I like a Boy to look almost, but not exactly, like a boy. But truth compels me to admit that I hated my first pantomime: I was dismayed to find that Robinson Crusoe was a pretty girl. It took twenty years to reconcile me to this bitter fact of life. Now, I am sorry to have missed the slender Jacks and Robins of the thirties.

It was Jessie Matthews who brought me back to pantomime. She was playing Aladdin in Birmingham, where I found myself in one winter of the war. Boredom, plus the memories of an old passion, proved stronger than my childhood trauma: I decided to face my second pantomime. I was converted. Since then, I have been trying to make up for lost time.

MY happiest hunting grounds, of golden recollection, have been London and Newcastle, but I have even seen a pantomime in Greece. In 1944 (or was it 1945?) the British forces put on *Babes In The Wood* to amuse the youth of Athens. The comic characters were English, but the Babes were two charming local girls, named Kiki and Riri, who had to do their lines in Greek. The slapstick went down very well, but the audience were mystified about the plot. Every now and then Kiki (or was it Riri?) had to come forward and explain to the children what was happening; which made them look even more bewildered. To cheer them up Riri (or Kiki) would sing a popular Greek tango.

Though I came late to pantomime, my youth was not entirely Boy-less. I saw Nova Pilbeam twice in Boyish dress: once as Peter Pan, and once as Rosalind. The latter was at Oxford, in the garden of Magdalen College, with real deer visible between the trees. This leafy Arden, lit by the last rays of the sun, with Rosalind flitting to and fro in tights and tunic, is the happiest memory I keep of Oxford. *As You Like It* is not a pantomime and Rosalind is not a Boy; but they were the nearest thing I saw to either in those twenty wasted years.



Perhaps the immortal Clarice Mayne surpassed them all in style, as a classic Fairy Prince, Versailles model. These photographs are from the Mander and Mitchenson collection



Miss Janette Scott dancing with
Mr. Mario Zampi



Lady Elizabeth Clyde and the
Marquess of Douro



Mr. Benny Lee and Miss Diane
Hart sold programmes



Mr. and Mrs. John Mills and
Mrs. Jean Wills

THE STARS BALL

FIVE hundred guests attended the Stars Ball at Grosvenor House, organized by S.O.S.—the Stars Organization for Spastics—to raise funds for a holiday home for spastic children. Above, the Countess of Westmorland, S.O.S. president, and Mrs. W. Cecil Jeapes



Mrs. Michael Brand in conversation with the
Earl of Westmorland



Miss Pat Williams, Mr. Leopold Antelme, Mr. N. P. H.
Williams and Mrs. Williams watching the cabaret

Desmond O'Neill



AIDING LIFE-BOATS

SEAFARING tackle and lifeboatmen gave an authentic nautical air to the Life-Boat Ball at the May Fair Hotel, for R.N.L.I. funds. There was also a fashion show after dinner. Above, Countess Mountbatten with Lady (Ivor) Thomas, chairman of the ball committee



Mr. and Mrs. David Wilkinson looking at a model life-boat
outside one of the two ballrooms

Desmond O'Neill

Mrs. Anthony Norman and
H.E. the Turkish Ambassador

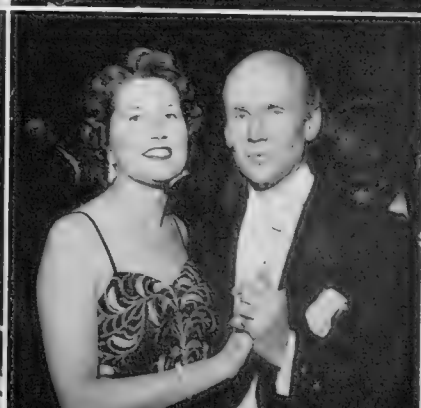
Mrs. Walter Whigham danc-
ing with Sir Charles Russell



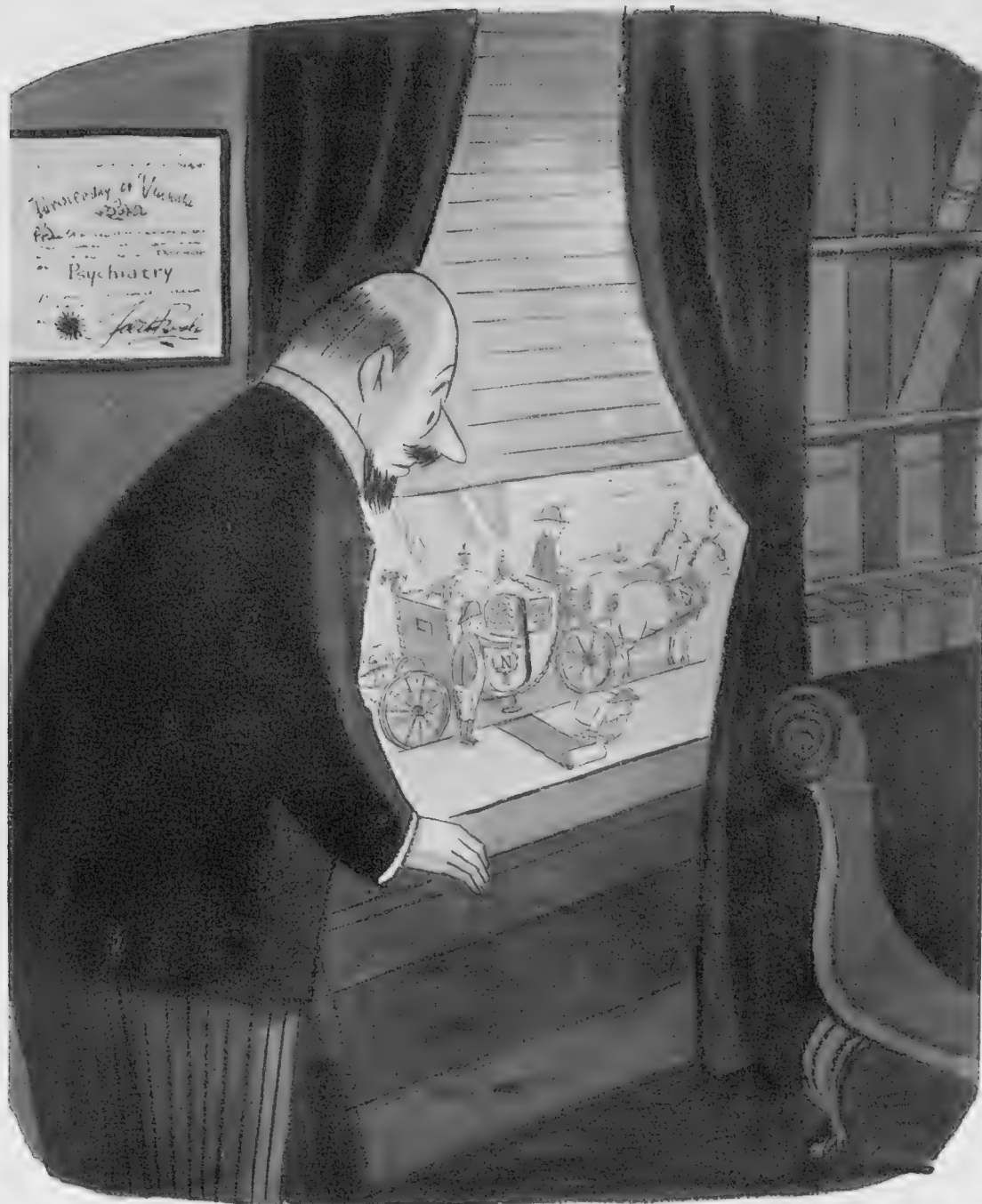
Miss Carolyn Reynolds and Miss Hilary
Birley try their luck



Lord Stamp was at a table
with Countess Howe



Viscount Curzon partnering
Viscountess Curzon



Roundabout

● Cyril Ray

CHRISTMAS is a time at which to remember other Christmases, and of all the odd places in which I have celebrated it my memory turns most readily to the small and shattered town of Ortona, on the high Adriatic coast of Italy, during the war, where we held one side of the main street and a tough and soldierly German parachute division the other.

When I say "we," I refer to a Canadian infantry battalion with which I had somehow got myself involved, and who hospitably entertained me to a superb dinner—turkey and all the trimmings—which we ate in a church without a roof, one platoon at a time, while the other platoons fought the German parachutists for the

town, street by street, house by house, and room by room.

As it was a memorable day, in various ways, the Canadian commanding officer made it the day, too, for distributing various awards, and the high spot of the afternoon was his pinning a Military Medal on to the chest of a Canadian private soldier who was, in fact, a full-blooded Red Indian. To my immense delight, for I like people from faraway places to conform to what is supposed to be their type, the private's first reaction was to grunt, just as Red Indians are always supposed to do: "Ugh!" But then he remembered his manners, and produced for the colonel's benefit, on this very special occasion, the politest word he

had heard in a whole winter's warfare in Italy. The Red Indian saluted smartly and said, "Grazie."

★ ★ ★

YOU must all by now, I am sure, be propping up your Christmas cards on sills and shelves, or fixing them by the flaps into your rows of books, or dangling them from a line across the room like signal flags. Counting them up, perhaps, to see if you have received as many as you have sent. (Nobody ever has, which is one of the mathematical mysteries of modern times.)

Year by year, I observe, they become less and less Christmasy, as we all seek earnestly for novelty—my own card is no exception—and it may be that we shall

never go back to either the sumptuousness or the seasonableness of the 1880s when, after forty years or so of experiment, and a golden age in the sixties of gilded and lace-edged works of art, with flaps that lifted to reveal bunches of holly and mistletoe, or verses, the publishing companies turned to the great illustrators of the time.

That was the period when one firm awarded prizes of five hundred guineas a time for designs, with the President of the Royal Academy as judge, and another offered the Poet Laureate himself a thousand guineas for a set of Christmas-card verses. Alfred, Lord Tennyson, could be a gruff customer when he chose, but perhaps the magnitude of the offer (an enormous sum in those days) mollified him, even though he refused it. His reply is a model for busy writers; it began, "You cannot imagine with what regret I have forfeited the opportunity. . . ."

★ ★ ★

GOOSE dominates the German cuisine at Christmastime far more completely than ever turkey does over here, and in December at Luchow's dignified and dark-brown restaurant on Fourteenth Street, New York, a temple of German cooking and of *gemutlichkeit*, they stage a Goose Feast at which every course of the dinner comes from the same great bird. A soup made of goose giblets—and the word "giblets" is interpreted pretty liberally, for it includes heart, gizzard, wings, feet and neck—is followed by a ragout of goose served with potato dumplings, merely as a prelude to the main theme, which is roast goose, garnished with apple and cranberries.

Served under the twenty-five-foot Christmas tree, which is hung with nineteenth-century toys, to the strains of carols from the German band, and washed down with the heavy, dark Christmas bock beer, aged in the wood—you either forget to wonder why they haven't served you the goose liver as well, or else you resolve to come in specially on Boxing Day, to have it roasted or served in the special way of the house, sautéed in



madeira, and garnished with fried apples, onions and truffles.

★ ★ ★

I SEE that the Wellington Museum, at Apsley House, proposes to set about attracting more visitors than the nine hundred or so a week which is the normal rate at the height of the season.

Photographs on a board outside the house, to catch the attention of the passer-by, is the current idea, and I suppose it is the obvious one, though it seems a pity to destroy the private-house look of what was the great duke's home for more than a third of a century.

Some of the popular papers have been sniping at the museum and at the present duke—who gave it to the nation four years ago—because it is not better patronized. Certainly it is a pity that more Londoners, and visitors to London, do not pay it the attention it deserves. The turn of the eighteenth-nineteenth centuries was a great age in which to be a great captain: the taste and style of the time—what we call "Regency" and the French "Empire"—meant that the sort of

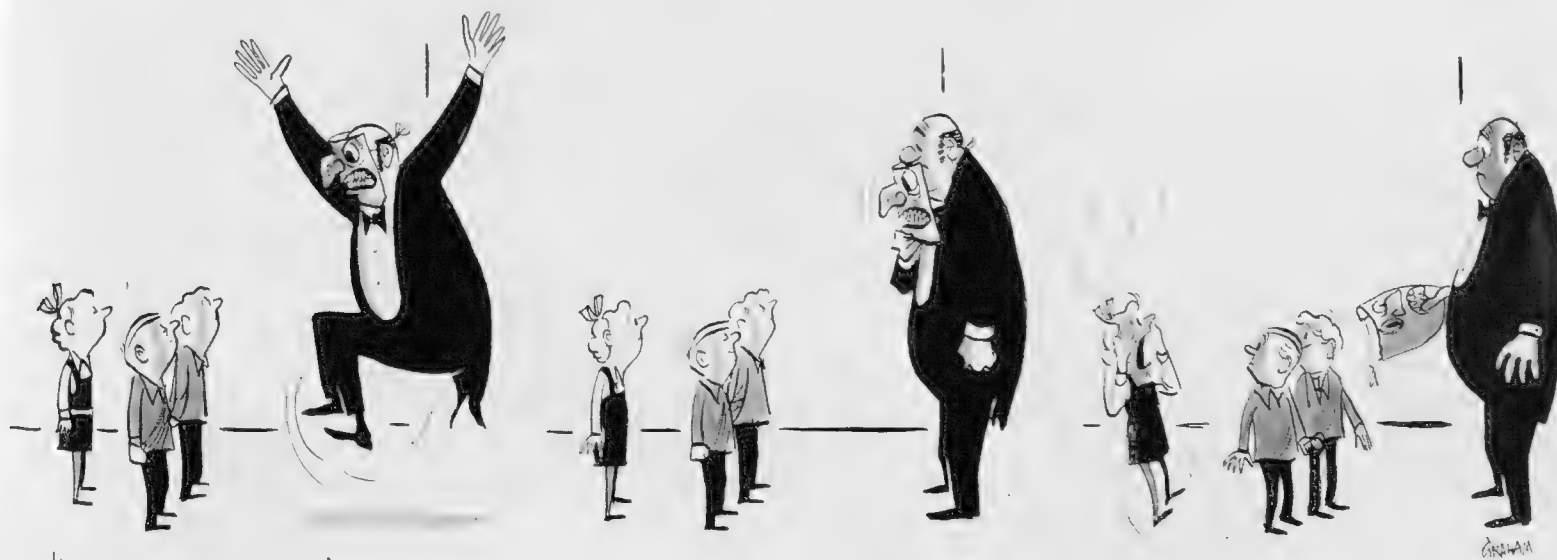
silver and porcelain lavished upon a public figure was already florid enough to be magnificent in the most overwhelming sense, without having yet become debased by the machine, and the plate and the ceremonial dinner services, the uniforms and decorations and the like, are splendours not to be missed. "Full-blooded yet intellectual, aristocratic and at the same time slightly vulgar," is Osbert Lancaster's shrewd and just summing-up of what was in the domestic—and other—arts a full-blooded age.

★ ★ ★

AN antique-dealer friend has been showing me one of those Lambeth-Delft pottery wine jars that were common here before glass bottles took their place in the early eighteenth century. This particular one had been found in the Thames mud at Twickenham, and was of undeniable authenticity. Like many another of its kind, it bore the inscription, "Boy," and the dealer wondered why: was it, he asked, a corruption of the French *boire*, to drink?

I have never known the reason, and can find no clue in books on wine or on wine-bottles. I know that a couple of centuries later, in late-Victorian and Edwardian days, champagne—besides being called bubbly, or the Widow, or fizz—was often referred to as "the boy," but that can have nothing to do with pottery jars of the seventeenth century. The story, as I have always heard it, is that on a shooting-party, at which Edward VII was present (as Prince of Wales), the guests were followed at a distance by a lad trundling a barrow-load of champagne, well packed in ice. It was a sultry autumn day, and the thirsty guns were constantly asking for a drink, and the number of times they called "Boy!" to the lad in charge led to the epithet being transferred to what he had charge of. The heavy swells of the period soon got to know the usage and how it originated, but it does not always follow, observed a prim social historian of the period, "that everybody who uses the word nowadays was out shooting that day with the Prince."

BRIGGS by Graham





*The
TATLER
and
Bystander,
Dec. 19,
1956
692*

GOOD PRICES AT NEWMARKET

PURCHASERS from abroad bought freely at the Newmarket Bloodstock Sales, and prices were excellent. Above: The chestnut filly How Lovely parades in the ring



Major Hastings and Mrs. Hastings had come over from Limerick



Sir Cecil King Hammond and Mr. Dan Bulgar, from Ireland

Mr. Aubrey Brabazon, Capt. Harbord and Mr. Geoffrey Cross



Capt. Cecil Boyd-Rochfort and Mr. Larry McPhail

Sir Rhys Llewellyn and Lady Musker



Major Adam and Mrs. M. Edkins



Mr. Clarence Haley and the Earl of Rosebery

A FINE ALL-ROUND SPORTSMAN AND HUNTING PERSONALITY

MAJOR P. M. BORWICK, M.C., is now entering his eighth season as joint-Master of the Pytchley, following his father, the late Colonel M. Borwick, who was Master of the Middleton and at one time also joint-Master of the Pytchley. Major Borwick rode for Britain in the 1948 Olympics and has played cricket for Northampton. He and his wife and two children live at Kelmarsh. *Photograph, Barry Swaebe*



Priscilla of Paris

VENDEAN FRIENDSHIPS

FROM THE ISLAND—By the time the squiggles and strokes that my pen is making on rough manuscript paper have been transformed into the clear print of this glossy page it will be almost Christmas Eve!

My heartfelt wishes, therefore, to my readers. Please qualify them to your choice. It is not easy to feel "merry" in these dolorous times, but there is happiness in the very word: Christmas. Even though grim pictures obscure the touching myth of frosted greeting cards with their beribboned mistletoe, their robins in the snow and their gay, olde worlde coaching scenes, the blur must clear.

I am writing this from my little shack on the Island and nothing at the moment could be less Christmassy. The sun is shining on the dark, changeless green of the ilex trees and on the lighter, more tender hue of a plantation of young firs. Not one of these, by any effort of imagination, can I see decked out with coloured candles and glittering gewgaws for a party. I have no business to be here; only an excuse! The petrol, parking and various other car troubles in Paris became so complex that it seemed foolish, with a roomy garage standing empty on the Island, to try and cope in town. Elegant Elizabeth, all the usual and other, recent, unexpected taxes paid, is now safely housed for the duration of our present troubles.

THAT it was on our way down here I caught the bug that laid me low was merely a spot of bad luck, though how can I call it bad since it has given me the opportunity of appreciating the kindness of the Vendean islanders? One has to know them well and understand them, but then we are the old friends of many summers. One must also have a little of the happy unselfconsciousness of the French people to whom all things are *dans la nature*. When Josephine found she could not push my couch into a more convenient light because of the uneven brick flooring it was so simple to stop the driver of the first cart that passed and ask him to help. The carter stepped out of his sabots, tip-toed across the room in his thick, blue socks, spat in his palms and practically lifted the bed—I was in it!—with one hand. *Dixit* Josephine for I was not taking much notice at the time. Poor Josephine. I thought to give her a pleasant weekend of sunshine and fresh air. Well, the run down was pleasant but to nurse someone in a summer shack where we go to the well for our water and rely on lamps and candles after dark, is not so good; but Josephine managed, bless her. The *facteur* stopped on his rounds to stack logs for the fire, and school-children brought in bagfuls of fir cones for kindling. The doctor took his prescriptions to the chemist himself and the chemist sent them along by whoever happened to be cycling our way.

ALL this has been told me by Josephine. Now that I am sitting up and taking notice for myself I am chuckling over the news that as soon as Robert Kemp's election to the Académie Française was announced a tablet was placed above the entrance of the old mill here where he and his charming wife, Yvette, have spent so many happy holidays. Summer visitors, next year, will be allowed to contemplate the room where the Master has written so many of his brilliant articles. Dear Robert Kemp, dramatic critic of *Le Monde*, literary critic of the *Nouvelles Littéraires*, musician and lecturer, who, already over the threshold of his seventh decade, stalks through the years with so debonair a stride. Slim and upright in the camel hair coat that touches his heels, his thick thatch of hair crowned with a soft, round hat or, still more often, bare headed, he gives one the impression of a very young man who has read so much.

La vie en rose

• It is Henry de Montherlant who tells us that: "Life becomes very pleasant when one no longer takes it seriously."

SPORTSMEN gathered in bright sunshine at the Zugspitz Plateau, Garmisch, Germany, to watch the start of the year's opening ski race





**Michele Morgan plays France's
most tragic queen**

MICHELE MORGAN, a star who has played many poignant and dramatic roles in the French cinema, and in American and British films, is now to appear in the part of one of the most tragic, most legendary figures of history—Queen Marie Antoinette of France. This film is called "The Shadow Of The Guillotine," and will be seen in London in the New Year

At the Theatre

A DIARY WHICH COMES TO LIFE

As most of the audience will know beforehand, *The Diary Of Anne Frank* at the Phoenix is theatrical journalism based on a real diary. This diary records the reflections of an adolescent Jewish girl hiding for just over two years in an Amsterdam attic from the Gestapo. The entries end with the discovery of the hiding place, and their special poignancy springs from a horrible fact—that the young diarist was subsequently taken away to die in a concentration camp—which faces the diary's interpreter with the technically difficult job of working up to an emotional climax which, strictly speaking, is outside the story told on the stage.

I am full of admiration for the skill with which Miss Frances Goodrich and Mr. Albert Hackett have surmounted the difficulties. They have been both adroit and honest. A brief opening scene warns the audience that the story about to be narrated ends disastrously for the narrator, so young, so ready to believe in the final goodness of life. An equally brief closing scene lets the sense of the irrevocable sink gently in. But these routine devices would scarcely serve their purpose if the adapters were not from first to last closely at grips with this fundamental difficulty. They have to present a comedy overshadowed by horror.

THE comedy of two families thrown together in ridiculously cramped quarters is not very novel. Mrs. Van Daan is pretentious, her husband greedy, her son shy and clumsy. The dentist is intolerably fussy. Mr. Frank is the strong-nerved organizer, a natural leader, his wife a kindly, courageous woman holding her nerves steady with difficulty, one daughter is sweetly, even somewhat dully patient and the other, Anne the diarist, is articulate, sharp-eyed, mischievous with a naturally keen appetite for all the good things of life.

We have to be put into a position somehow not only to enjoy the surface comedy of oddly assorted people living in each other's pockets for months on end. We must be made at the same time

THE DIARY OF ANNE FRANK (Phoenix). Mr. Frank (George Voskovec) is the father of the young diarist, and the leading light of the small community hiding from the Nazis in an Amsterdam attic; his strong-nerved organization and leadership hold the frightened fugitives in a compact group

Drawings
by
Emmwood



to realize the overriding suspense of their situation; we must share their alarm at the sudden screech of military cars pulling up in the street; and we must sympathize with them when they are whipped up to hectic jubilation when temporary relief comes with nightfall and the closing of the shop under their attic.

To a quite remarkable degree, I think, this is the effect that the play makes. It communicates several different kinds of sensation—the sensation of making crafty Robinson Crusoe provision for an indefinite future, of making merry snug in the belly of a fort, of amusement over the absurdities of human nature brought out under any unusual strain and, above all, the tingling, nerve-racking sense of ever present danger. So strongly is this last sensation conveyed that at times we share the general exasperation of all the characters with one of them who happens to be behaving badly.

FUNNY the misbehaviour may be, but our nerves are on edge, and we should be happier if the fool were quietly smothered. That is to say that the evening is not one to be recommended to the weak nerved. For the skill of the adapters is reinforced by acting which renders the characters just as the ingenuous diarist saw them.

Miss Perlita Neilson succeeds with Anne Frank simply by realizing that no emotional fireworks are asked of her. All she has to do is show a girl thirteen years old growing up to early womanhood in unnatural surroundings. This she does simply and well, and the situation carries her through to triumph.

Mr. George Voskovec could hardly be bettered as the imperturbable father whose unassertive will holds this much tried community together. Miss Vera Fusek is good as the overstrained mother, though she hardly makes enough of the scene of her temporary breakdown. Mr. Harry Lockart tightly and sensitively sketches in the boy who self-mistrustfully responds to the diarist's wooing. Mr. John Gabriel and Mr. Max Bacon do faithfully by the more ignoble of the refugees. Mr. Frith Danbury directs with excellent comprehension of the play, and there is an unusual and effective permanent set, the work of Mr. Boris Aronson.

—Anthony Cookman



Anne (Perlita Neilson) writes of her companions, pretentious Mrs. Van Daan (Miriam Karlin), her greedy husband (Max Bacon) and their shy son Peter (Harry Lockart), while the dark shadow and dread of the Gestapo weighs on them all

Adele Leigh in "A Midsummer Marriage" sings at Covent Garden next year

ADELE LEIGH will have the opportunity in the New Year to repeat at Covent Garden the outstanding success she made in Michael Tippett's opera, "A Midsummer Marriage." She created the part of Bella when this much-discussed opera had its world premiere at the Royal Opera House last year. Miss Leigh has a vivacious stage personality and great acting ability in addition to her lovely lyric soprano voice

Angus McBean



Mrs. Antony Norman dancing with Col. E. Remington



Mrs. Jack Hawkins and the Hon. Gerald Lascelles at table

Princess Margaret being presented with a bouquet by Mrs. Selborne



THE DOCKLAND SETTLEMENTS BALL

OVER four hundred and fifty guests attended the Dockland Settlements Dinner-Ball at the Savoy Hotel, the principal guest being H.R.H. Princess Margaret. The Settlements are today amalgamated with the Malvern Clubs Mission. Sir Reginald Kennedy-Cox, present chairman of the executive committee, who founded the Settlements, is himself an Old Malvernian. Under his guidance it prospered and today is a large organization with six branches and a holiday home. At the dinner-ball, apart from the side shows, cabaret and other amusements, a night club was arranged with a Spanish flavour. Above, the cover of the ball programme is reproduced. It is from Pietro Annigoni's "The Good Samaritan"



Miss Sheila Moss was partnered by Mr. Basil Moss



Mrs. Da Ponte, Mr. C. Da Ponte and Mr. John Cope were standing by a concourse of balloons



Mr. Charles Bingham in company with Miss Shirley Dobell

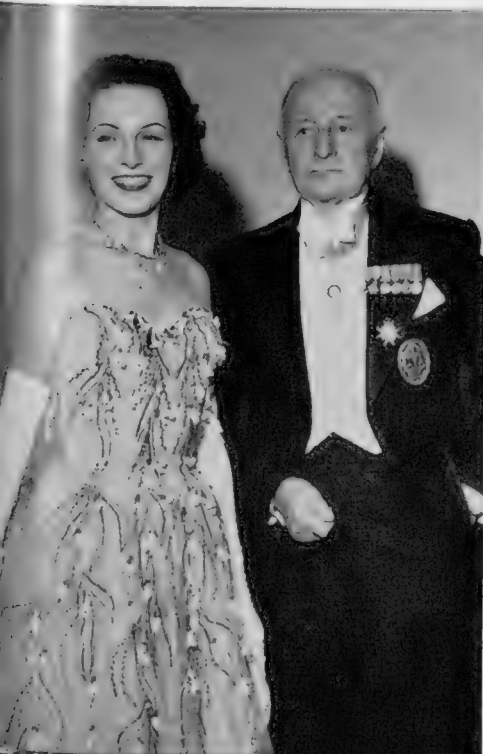


Miss Jennifer Dyke and Mr. David Higham, with a Spanish poster as background

Mrs. Alan Selborne, chairman, and Col. Sir Reginald Kennedy-Cox

Miss Alison Bradford and the Hon. Martin Browne

Mr. Peter Cookson and Miss Kate Bailey were others there





JAMES DEAN, killed so tragically, can be seen with Elizabeth Taylor (above) in his last film, *Giant*, an exciting story of ranching and romance in Mexico. Below: Maria Schell and Francois Perier together in a new French film, *Gervaise*, a full-blooded drama adapted from one of Emile Zola's novels

At the Pictures

GEM FROM ZOLA'S MINE

IN *Gervaise*, his film version of Zola's *L'Assommoir*, M. René Clement has re-created, with a relentless realism which the author would have applauded, the Paris of the working classes a hundred years ago. Horse-drawn vehicles clatter through dingy cobbled streets, the children of squalor and poverty play in the filthy gutters, drunken artisans squander their hard-won sous on absinthe or wine at the dram-shop, women fight like furies to keep their jobs and their men.

It could all be unutterably depressing but for the fact that the people of those hard times seem so gloriously *alive*. They are animated by an enormous appetite for and delight in food, work, love, intrigue and life itself. They are volatile, red-blooded, earthy—wonderfully Gallic, wonderfully human. Only rarely do characters on the screen so palpably *exist*: only a director of M. Clement's genius could make them.

WHERE Zola's novel was primarily a denunciation of evil conditions, M. Clement's magnificent film resolves itself into a searing story of revenge.

Gervaise (Fraulein Maria Schell), a lame laundress, is deserted by her lover, Lantier (M. Armand Mestral)—the man who had seduced her at fifteen and is the father of her two children. Another laundress, Virginie (Mlle. Suzy Delair—smiling malice incarnate), taunts the unhappy creature: *Gervaise* attacks her and inflicts upon her a humiliation which Virginie never forgets.

A decent steeplejack, Coupeau (M. Francois Perier), marries *Gervaise*. They have a daughter (the Nana of a later novel) and are happy—working hard and saving thriftily to buy *Gervaise* a laundry of her own. Coupeau is seriously injured in a fall and his long illness eats up all their savings. Goujet (M. Jacques





VERA-ELLEN as Jeannie in a new film in CinemaScope and Eastman Colour, *Let's Be Happy*, asks her dog a leading question. In the film are Robert Flemyng and Tony Martin

The
TATLER
and
Bystander,
Dec. 19,
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EDDIE FISHER and Debbie Reynolds relax between takes on the set of R-K-O's new lighthearted musical in Technicolor, *Bundle Of Joy*, which is also starring Adolphe Menjou

Harden), a blacksmith who admires Gervaise, lends her the money to open her laundry—which she builds into a thriving business. Coupeau shows no inclination to return to work—but Gervaise is contented enough, her wretched past forgotten.

Virginie, now herself respectably married, reappears on the scene: vowing friendship, she ingratiates herself with the trusting Gervaise and deliberately sets about ruining her. Slyly, she introduces Lantier to Coupeau—who, as long as he is plied with drink, to which he becomes increasingly addicted, is willing to play *le mari complaisant*. To her horror, Gervaise is forced to accept her former lover as a lodger in her house. The inevitable happens—as Virginie had planned. Unable to hide her shame from Goujet, Gervaise loses her one true friend.

In a drunken frenzy, Coupeau wrecks the laundry. Driven to despair by his madness and death and her own total ruin, Gervaise takes to the bottle. Virginie's revenge is complete.

FRAULEIN MARIA SCHELL won the 1956 Venice Festival Grand Prix for her performance as Gervaise—and without knowing who the other contenders were, I would say this was justified. It seems to me an unsurpassable performance. Fraulein Schell is a radiant actress with the pure, innocent eyes of a child. Her looks are angelic—yet here she is completely an earth-bound woman, coarsened by her environment, but warm and lovable and brave. When she smiles in simple pleasure, she is the actress I know: I had not realized her dramatic power, or that she could so poignantly convey passion, anguish, frustration, anger and despair. This is a performance to cherish.

M. Perier, terrifying in his mad scene, and Mlle. Delair, her eyes snapping with spite, are both excellent. So is M. René Juillard's camera-work which has ingeniously captured the quality and style of photographs of the period, and the settings, down to the last frowsy, stifling back-bedroom, and the last cobbled slimy blind alley, are exquisitely right.

You will probably guess that *Chnouf* (delicious word) is a French corruption of the English "snuff," and that a film with this title would be about the drug traffic. You are right.

M. Jean Gabin, who now looks as solid as something cast in cement, arrives in Paris ostensibly to run a dope racket for M. Marcel Dalio. As a "front," he runs a night-club and for spare-time amusement he makes love to the ravishingly pretty cashier, Mlle. Magali Noel—but he is mostly occupied with spurring M. Dalio's employees (drug manufacturers, smugglers and pedlars) into brisker activity, under the surveillance of two particularly ugly thugs, Messrs. Lino Ventura and Albert Remy.

Unfortunately there is something about M. Gabin—especially in his encounter with a pathetic drug-addict (beautifully played by Mlle. Lila Kerdrova)—that suggested to me he was not really a bad chap at heart. For this reason, the surprise ending was no surprise to me. It is a film, competently directed by M. Henri Decoin, with a few flashes of humour and several of brutality, which promises rather more than it fulfils.

I THINK it quite possible that your children, in indulgent holiday mood, will be amused by the antics and adventures of Mr. Norman Wisdom as a window-cleaner assigned to one of England's stately homes in *Up In The World*. Ladders that snap in the middle, buckets that up-end themselves aloft to douse the stuffed-shirt below, elegant Mr. Jerry Desmond plunging, de-bagged, into a water-butt—this is the sort of thing that does tend to give rise to hilarity and mirth among the young. I'm a bit old for it, myself.

Mr. Wisdom, who has hitherto been a small pain in the neck to me, and still persists in singing gooeily, is far more subdued than usual and occasionally achieves a wistful charm—but the legend that girls find him irresistible remains, for me, a legend entirely without foundation.

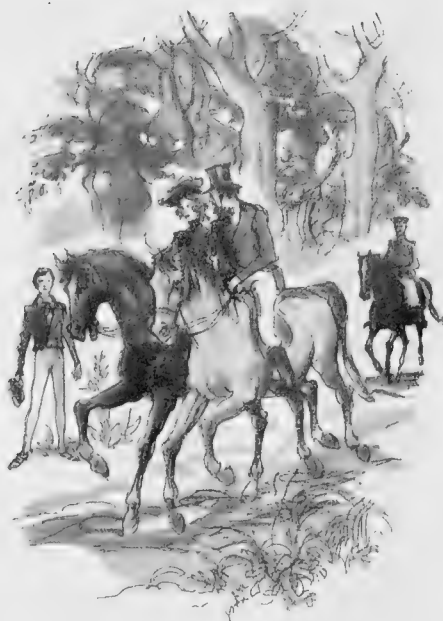
—Elsbeth Grant



WILLIAM SANSOM, who travels widely to get material for his books, returns to London for his new novel "The Loving Eye" (Hogarth Press, 13s. 6d.)

Book Reviews

CONQUERORS IN THE HARDEST BATTLE



TURGENEV's famous novel "First Love" has been translated by Isaiah Berlin (Hamish Hamilton, 18s.), and this is one of Fritz Wagner's gay illustrations

A STIRRING collection of personal stories, having in common the theme the title suggests, **Conquest of Disability** (Odhams, 15s.) was edited, and one may believe inspired, by Sir Ian Fraser, C.H., C.B.E., M.P., who has written the preface. In this, linking his own viewpoint to that of his contributors, he indicates how reluctance or diffidence have in some cases had to be set aside.

"We are all," he says, "men or women who in our own judgment, at least, have gone some way towards conquering a disability, and writing about it has meant disclosing some of our private troubles. . . ." He outlines, too, what has been the joint intention. Quoting a saying of Confucius, "It is better to light one small candle than to curse the darkness," Sir Ian Fraser adds, that might well be the text for this book.

THE twenty records following on the preface address themselves, Talike, to two kinds of reader—the also-disabled and the "ordinary" person. For whichever kind, there is an inherent message. For the former, perhaps in an early stage of the struggle, what is written here must sound a ringing encouragement; for the latter, here is a call to imagination. We learn two facts—that what must be overcome (and can be) is the *sense* of disability, and that the attitude of the person to his disability can be helped or hindered by that of the outside world.

Contributor after contributor stresses this point, and clearly the rest of us should reflect on it. Exaggerated solicitude or morbid pity are, very evidently, the last things wanted. Tributes go to the husband or wife, the colleagues or friends, who through sheer natural loving good sense have helped adjustments to be made.

This collection covers almost the whole range of disability—blindness, deafness (in one case blindness *and* deafness), loss of a limb or limbs, paralysis, stammering, alcoholism, and disfigurement. War injuries loom large, but do not predominate: there are polio victims, cases of congenital defect or of accident in civilian life. The writers vary immensely in character, circumstance and background; they are kin to each other chiefly in

one way, the enormous impression they give one of quiet strength, and of having attained, not only a philosophy, but a resilience which many uninjured people, with shame, might envy.

The total effect of *Conquest of Disability* is so strong that, instinctively, the reviewer hesitates to single out pieces for special comment. That General Sir Carton de Wiart and G/Capt. Douglas Bader are among the contributors it should, in both cases, be enough to state. Lt.-Col. "Mike" Ansell, Director of the British Horse Society and of the International Horse Show, describes the onslaught of gradual blindness, and his successive adjustments to it. The young Danish horsewoman whose triumphs followed upon an overcoming of polio parallels the young English woman teacher who, paralysed from the waist down by a bicycle accident, carries on classroom work from a wheeled chair.

Loss of limbs has failed, amazingly, to debar several of these writers from physical activity; nor, for others, has total blindness closed the intellectual field—A. J. M. Milne, blinded in action in Germany in 1945, not long after he had left school, writes from what may not even yet be the height of a distinguished university career; T. E. Utley, a one-time *Times* leader writer, unable to see since he was nine, is in a position to show how little he was disqualified for journalism—in which same field Collie Knox (whose delightful "People Talk Too Much Anyway" a fellow-sufferer certainly must commend) surmounted the handicaps of the stammerer. William Simpson's "No Man is an Island" deals with what, for some of us, might seem the hardest to bear of all—irreparable facial disfigurement, due to burns in a shot-down plane. His remarks on embarrassment, and its absence, have as much to teach as anything in this book.

I should hate to leave on anyone's mind the impression that *Conquest of Disability* is a "sad" book—it could, in fact, be hardly more the reverse. Neither is it a record of saintly fortitude, likely to make you or me feel base or inferior. None of the contributors minimises the bouts of weakness, the spasms of rebellion, the irritations. Here is an all-round showing of humanity, which by the end leaves one proud of being a human. Such a book could not be more appropriate to Christmas: do not fail to mark it high on your list.

★ ★ ★

LOUISE DE VILMORIN'S *Les Belles Amours* (Collins, 10s. 6d.) has been put from the French into stylish English by Francis Wyndham. Had the author been less happy in her translator, the effect on this slender novel could have been fatal, for much of the charm of the story is in the telling, the well-found words with their ironic overtones. We are among the *haute bourgeoisie* of south-western France, in the 1920s—a period suited to Madame de Vilmorin's blend of passion with mockery.

Monsieur Zaraguirre, an ever-fascinating bachelor approaching sixty, enjoys flirtations, but ranks friendship among the more serious goods of life. Prosperously conducting a business in South America, he pays visits to France from time to time; on these, he never omits a stay with the Duilles, at their delightful provincial country house, Valronce. M. and Mme. Duville have for long been anxious that their only son, Louis, should marry—when his choice falls on an Undine-like young widow, niece of a local colonel, they are delighted. It is therefore unfortunate that, on the eve of the wedding, M. Zaraguirre (present as guest of honour) should elope with the bride.

Years of bliss in a bijou palace in South America fail to console M. Zaraguirre for the shattering of his friendship with the Duilles; and his sensitive girl-wife feels the shadow. Therefore, when on a visit to Paris, she takes up again with Louis Duville, her former fiancé, her intentions are most disinterested—may she not, thereby, heal the Zaraguirre-Duville breach? No one else, however, sees things quite that way, and we leave our ingenuous lovely in some disorder.

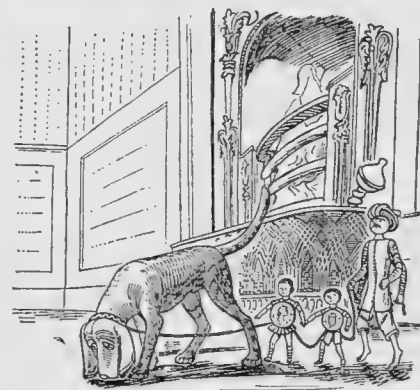
Everybody in *Les Belles Amours* is, perhaps, imperfectly sincere. But this does not militate against the pervading wistfulness, wit and wisdom. If you *do* enjoy this book, you'll enjoy it very much. Mme. de Vilmorin is acclaimed as one of France's most distinguished writers, and you'll see why. Though one young girl does make her entrance before the end, the main tale is refreshingly empty of adolescents.

—Elizabeth Bowen



"THE WINDS" in Botticelli's "Birth of Venus," from Sir Kenneth Clark's work "The Nude" (John Murray, 63s.)

A BLOODHOUND drawn by Edward Bawden in Louis MacNeice's children's book "The Sixpence That Rolled Away" (Faber, 10s. 6d.)



CITRON-CRESTED cockatoo, one of Alec Brooksbank's photographs in "Parrots, Cockatoos and Macaws" by E. J. Boosey (Rockliff, 21s.)



Fashions by
Isobel Vicomtesse
d'Orthez

JUNIOR MISSES

THE enchanting dress on the left is in blue and white flock printed nylon and has its own nylon petticoat. This is one of a delightful selection of American models obtainable at Swan and Edgar, and it costs 75s. For the older child the white and blue Lurex thread nylon dress with a blue sash (right) comes from Daniel Neal, price £6 17s. 6d.

*Photographs by
Michel Molinare*







*Young people with
good dress sense*

IT'S CHRISTMAS PARTY



Michel Molinare

LITTLE Lord Fauntleroy has had his day and now the correct party wear for a small boy is smart but strictly masculine. The young man with the teddy bear wears midnight-blue velvet trousers, Dickins and Jones, 36s. 6d., white nylon and rayon shirt, 27s. 6d. and bow tie, 2s. 6d., from Daniel Neal. The bear costs £7 19s. 6d. at Marshall and Snelgrove. Far left: an outfit consisting of gabardine trousers, 23s., poplin shirt, 16s., wine coloured waistcoat, 33s. and bow tie, 3s. 6d. All from Swan and Edgar who also stock the red and white spotted nylon dress, price 49s. 11d. (above left). The small girl above wears a pale lemon dress of flare-free nylon net, £5 17s. 6d. and silver dancing pumps, 29s. 9d. All from Marshall and Snelgrove. Her escort wears beige wool trousers, £1 9s. 9d., and tie, which are from Daniel Neal; and poplin shirt, £1 15s. 6d. The latter is obtainable from Dickins and Jones

TIME FOR THE RISING GENERATION

Tartan and frills

THE Spanish dress and matching bonnet in Marcella pique which is easy to wash (opposite) come from Dickins and Jones. White with red and green stripes, price 85s. 6d. Nylon rabbit from Marshall and Snelgrove, 19s. 6d.

TWO dresses in John Heathcoat's flare free nylon net, one pale lemon ballet length, full-skirted, costing £6 18s. 6d. The other is turquoise, frilled skirt and bodice, £7 7s. 6d. Marshall and Snelgrove

GAY for parties is this tartan outfit in wool consisting of waistcoat and short shorts, 66s. The shirt is made of poplin and costs 31s. 9d. Shorts, waistcoat and shirt are all obtainable from Dickins and Jones







John French

A PERFECT choice for informal parties is this delightful combination of sweater and skirt. The pure cashmere sweater is by Ballantyne in pale oatmeal; its pretty scooped neckline dips and ties at the back, 7½ gns. The gaily woven skirt is in black with a green, white and yellow design, 10½ gns. The red woollen stole with brilliant gold thread (opposite) costs 9½ gns., the bracelets cost 79s. 6d. each, earrings 59s. 6d. All from Harvey Nichols

YOUNG SIMPLICITY

CHOICE
FOR THE
WEEK





Bag of tricks for late shoppers



This fringed Italian made Paisley designed square stole is reversible for day or evening wear, one half being embroidered with sequins. It costs £9 9s., obtainable from Simpson

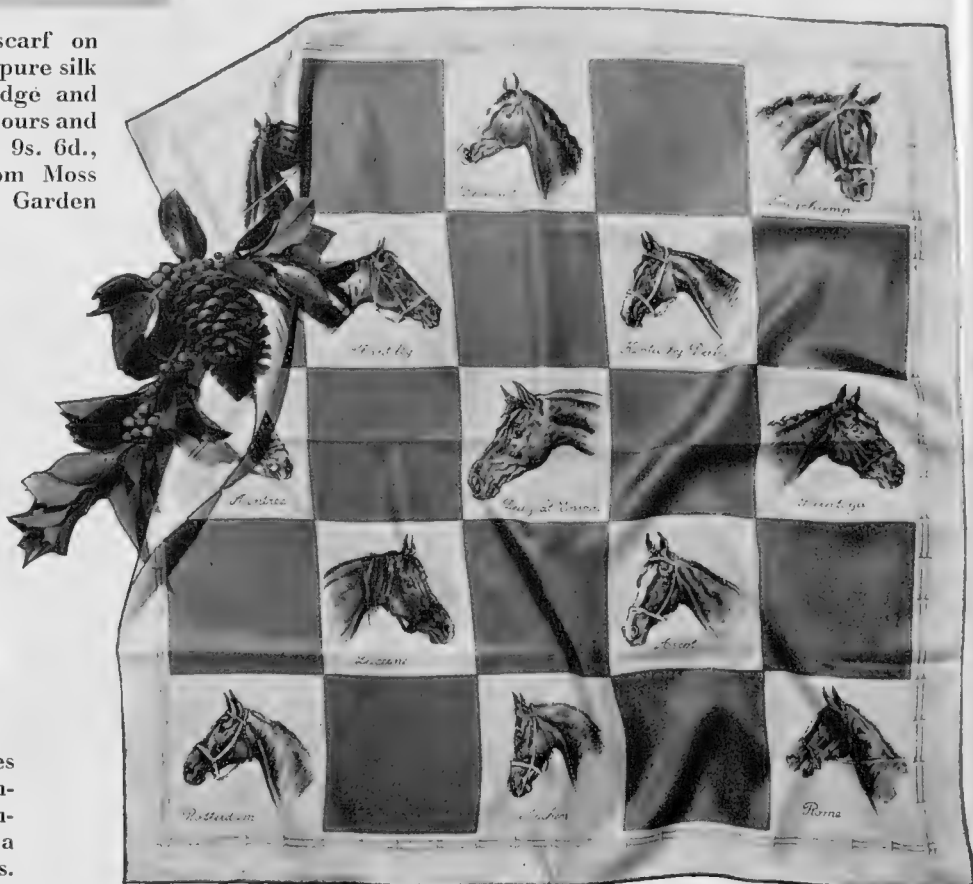
The horsey headscarf on the right is made in pure silk with hand-rolled edge and comes in various colours and designs, costing £2 9s. 6d., and obtainable from Moss Bros., Covent Garden



Combined passport case and "My Trip" book by T. J. & J. Smith, in Luxan hide and morocco, £4 6s. In various colours at leading stores



From Lillywhites comes this gaily coloured "In-sonia" nylon golf umbrella which has a whangee handle, £4 15s.



HOWEVER systematic and sensible one has been about making out a list of presents, nearly always a godchild, niece or aged aunt is remembered with panic a few days before Christmas. Here are some ideas to meet such a contingency

—JEAN CLELAND



For the young cowboy, an attractive covered wagon galloping through Indian country, costing £3 5s. 6d. at Fortnum & Mason, whose toy department is as breathtaking as ever

For happy travelling there is Lancome's case in Luxan with brass fittings, containing lipstick, powder, cream rouge, eyeshadow, mascara, foundation, Nutrix, Fraicheur, Tonic Blue, cleansing milk, sponge bag and mirror. £19 19s. from Lancome, Grosvenor Street. A glamorous and useful present



For the younger ones there is Philmar's "Trace-a-Face," 11s. 6d., and the green "suitcase" paintbox, 14s. 11d., from Marshall & Snelgrove

Boxed library of five jigsaw puzzles, called "The Peaceful River," 5s. 6d. at Marshall & Snelgrove. The answer to wet afternoons



Beauty

Inspired gifts

THE quest for Christmas presents should by now be reaching fever point. Those still hopefully searching for something "a little different" may welcome a few last minute new ideas in the beauty line.

From Elizabeth Arden comes a new Perfume Mist just in time for Christmas. This is lighter than the well-known Arden perfumes, but heavier than the equally famous Flower Mist. It is presented in a large gilt topped bottle, complete with pressure spray, which, when touched with the finger, releases a fine cloud of fragrance. Being less expensive than the perfumes, it can be used on the body, and is like an echo of the stronger essences. Perfume Mist can be had in "Blue Grass," "My Love" and "On Dit," and comes in an elegant white and gold package. The price is 37s. 6d.

Further good news from Elizabeth Arden is the introduction of smaller sizes in both Ardena and Invisible Veil powders. Ardena powder can now be had in a round pink box at 9s. 6d. (as well as in the large square one at 21s. 6d.). Invisible Veil is available in a smaller edition of the familiar flowered box at 12s. 9d., but without the puff that comes with the large size.

BEFORE we leave the question of powder, I must tell you of a very delightful new talcum powder called Talc de Toilette "Riviera," sponsored by Raymond. Packed in a non-spill puff action plastic bottle, it has a clinging and lasting fragrance. The price is 7s. 6d., and it can be obtained from all good chemists, and from any of Raymond's salons.

It would be difficult to think of fragrance without bringing to mind the many lovely bath luxuries produced by Cussons, who have just brought out an entirely new range of soap. Behind this is quite a story. For two years Cussons experimented with different perfumes to be found in the English garden and countryside. They wanted to make sure, as far as is humanly possible, that the scents would be true to the real thing. They also wanted the sort of flowers, or plants, that one could find in England. In the end they settled for "English Fern," "Devon Violets," "Tea Rose," "Carnation," "Lily of the Valley" and "Lavender," made in the appropriate colourings.

Patient wives who for years have had to bear with the early morning "brr-brr" of their husband's electric shavers, may now welcome the chance of retaliating with the new "Lady Ronson." Described as the perfect answer for the fastidious woman of today, and designed exclusively for women, this is a truly elegant and most efficient little affair. Its distinctive feature is that it has two trimming edges on the shaver head. One for legs and another, which gives a very gentle yet close shave, for under-arm grooming. This, in my opinion, should prove a very popular gift. Price £5 17s. 6d.

NOW for one of those little inexpensive presents that can be relied upon to delight any beauty-conscious friend who enjoys trying out the latest things in beauty products. Under this heading comes Pinaud's new "Six-Twelve" cream mascara, in a specially designed "Eye Beauty Box." This cream mascara is brushed on with a dry brush, and gives a lovely soft silky look to the lashes. It can also be used as an eye shadow in certain shades, such as blue and green, and is most effective as an eye make-up. The price is 8s. 9d. Incidentally, while wearing "Six-Twelve," you can have a good laugh or a good cry according to your mood, without fear of streaking or smudging, because this Pinaud mascara is waterproof.

Recently Dana Perfumes, well-known for such popular scents as "Tabu," "Canoe" and others, brought out miniature size bottles at 10s. 6d. each. They have now produced a special purse size for the handbag, retailing at 7s. 6d.

These latest products from the world of beauty should give pleasure to your friends. May I wish them and you a very happy Christmas.

—Jean Cleland



Dennis Smith



Guest soaps by Bronnley in assorted flower scents cost 6s. a box; the big economical size is 7s. 6d.; the jar of guest soap marbles is ideal for visitor or hostess, 6s. 9d. From good chemists and stores



For smooth and beautiful legs, the better to show off stockings and shoes, here is Ronson's dual-purpose electric razor designed for women, price £5 17s. 6d.

Roberts original Brown Windsor Bath disks have been packed in a gift box with a greeting card. Price 6s. 3d. at most good chemists





By Appointment
to Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II
Manufacturers of Land-Rovers.
The Rover Co. Ltd.

This is a ROVER year

To the improved versions of the three existing models are now added two exciting new-comers—the 105R with fully automatic transmission, and the 105S, the most brilliant performer ever to come from Rover. With free-wheel, automatic overdrive and fully automatic 2-pedal transmission to choose from, and overall design improved by a new front contour, this is indeed a Rover year.



THE NEW FIVE-CAR RANGE

● THE 2-LITRE 60, THE 75 AND THE 90

These well-established models are now all available with automatic overdrive as an optional extra. This is an alternative to the free-wheel on the 2-litre 60 and 75, and gives a higher maximum speed and fast silent cruising at low engine speeds, with a consequent reduction in engine wear and petrol consumption. Top gear flexibility, so valuable when driving in traffic, remains unaffected.

● THE ROVER 105R

A new luxury car fitted with

Rover's own fully automatic 2-pedal transmission with built-in automatic overdrive. Whether for effortless driving in traffic or restful long distance touring, the 105R is a notable addition to "Britain's fine cars".

● **THE ROVER 105S** Powered by the same 105 b.h.p. twin carburettor engine as the 105R, this model has a conventional transmission system with automatic overdrive. The result is the liveliest Rover in the range, with superb acceleration that few cars on the road can match.

*Prices including Purchase Tax 2-Litre Sixty: £1298.17.0; Seventy-five: £1415.17.0.
Ninety: £1465.7.0; 105S: £1595.17.0; 105R: £1649.17.0; 105R. De Luxe: £1696.7.0.*



*The
TATLER
and
Bystander,
DECEMBER 19,
1956
716*

Casement—Maclean. *Lieut. Michael Bernard Casement, Royal Navy, son of Captain Roddie Casement, R.N. and Mrs. Casement, at present of H.M.S. Excellent, Portsmouth, married Miss Christina Rose Maclean, daughter of Captain J. C. Maclean, R.N. (Retd.), and Mrs. Maclean, of Catercross, Fittleworth, Sussex, at the Church of St. Mary's, Petworth, Sussex*

THEY WERE MARRIED



Freer—Welch. *Lt.-Cdr. George Bryant Dudley Freer, R.N., only son of Cdr. G. F. D. Freer, D.S.C., R.N. (Retd.), and the late Mrs. Freer, of Branksome Park, Bournemouth, married Miss Shelagh Rosemary Welch, younger daughter of the late Mr. W. A. Welch, and of Mrs. A. C. Welch, of Canford Cliffs, at Holy Trinity Cathedral, Gibraltar*



Tropin—Campbell-Jones. *M. Guy Tropin, eldest son of M. and Mme. Henri Tropin, of Algiers and Paris, married Miss Janet Elizabeth Campbell-Jones, only daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Owen Campbell-Jones of Brunswick Gardens, London, W.8, at the Church of St. Paul's, Knightsbridge*



Clarke—Ashworth. *Mr. J. D. Clarke, son of the Master D. R. and Mrs. Clarke, of Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, S.W.3, married Miss Susan Ashworth, daughter of Cdr. A. H. and Mrs. Ashworth, of The Paddock, Windlesham, Surrey, at St. Mary's, Cadogan Street*



Taylor-Young—Martineau. *Mr. Richard Taylor-Young, son of Mrs. E. M. Taylor-Young, of Stockbridge, Hants, and the late Cdr. W. Taylor-Young, R.N. (Retd.), married Miss Mary Martineau, the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Rupert Martineau, of Old Park, Chichester, at Holy Trinity, Brompton*



Guy—Bowden. *Mr. Trevor Guy, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. Sydney S. Guy, of "Sauchieleigh" Albrighton, Salop, married Miss Shirley Bowden, twin daughter of Mr. J. K. Bowden, of Exeter, and Mrs. D. Logan of Cardiff, at St. James's, Piccadilly*

Lee—Argles. *Mr. Richard James Lee, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Lee, of Bidford-on-Avon, Warwickshire, married Miss Jillian Ann Argles, daughter of Captain L. W. L. Argles, D.S.C., Royal Navy, and Mrs. Argles, of Westfield, Woking, Surrey, at Holy Trinity, Brompton*

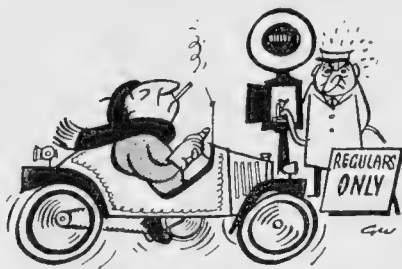


GOOD WINE



All the sunshine of the warm south is captured in the golden glow of Madeira wine. Dry as an aperitif, or rich and full, a glass of Madeira wine is a never failing delight.

Madeira



MR. BEVERLEY PICK, F.S.I.A., who has designed the Christmas decorations in Regent Street, is seen, right, with his Aston Martin D.B. 2-4 Mark 2 hard top coupe in ice blue and peacock blue. It is a rare model, only a few having being produced, with a speed up to 130 m.p.h.



Motoring

Oliver Stewart

WHERE THOSE PRECIOUS FEW GALLONS GO FAR

CAREFUL and economical motoring, like careful and economical cocktail parties, can never be so exhilarating or so amusing as the carefree, lavish kind. From the engineering point of view, however, the task of obtaining the largest amount of performance in speed, load and range from each thermal unit put in the fuel is of absorbing interest. It is absolute technical athleticism.

Fortunately, long before fuel rationing was even threatened, a crop of machines suitable for minimal motoring had appeared. It was emphasized—not for the first time—that half a litre of engine capacity can carry two people about at a brisk pace and that even a quarter of a litre can transport a whole family at a more modest speed. Eight people, it has been shown, can be conveyed over hill and dale (including genuinely mountainous routes) on six hundred cubic centimetres.

There must be, in these instances, painstaking design. Weight must be cut not only by the use of lightweight materials, but, more important, by the economical arrangement of body volumes. Fancy bonnets, long finned tails, imposing wings and immense sets of duplicated lamps and indicators cannot be tolerated. The people who are to be carried must be ensconced or enswathed in the coachwork, which must also be the chassis, which must also be the engine compartment, which must also be the boot, which must also be the suspension system!

WHEN the aim is to employ gainfully every drop of heat energy in every drop of fuel, the soap box on wheels re-asserts itself as the automotive engineer's ideal. Much can be done to reduce the cost in fuel for transport if we set that out clearly as the main objective. Hitherto we have always been able to spoil ourselves with vehicles which go a long way beyond the functional in order to please the eye or to meet the fashion.

Our smallest cars like the Berkeley and the Fairthorpe—both of which I mentioned recently—are of excellent appearance and must give a little away to achieve that merit. That is not to say, however, that the purely functional vehicle must be ugly. After all, the Grand Prix car is wholly functional—although the objective has nothing to do with economy—and is the best-looking machine of all.

Whether the oil situation of the future looks good or bad, it would be to the national advantage to devote greater effort to the development of minimal motor cars. Even those who broadcast their smug calumnies about the "selfishness" of those who drive their own cars in towns, could hardly screw up their bogus righteousness to the pitch of castigating the driver of a 250-c.c.

midget, with its gratifyingly low petrol consumption.

Public transport undertakings would also be acting in the national interest if they were to turn to smaller vehicles, with smaller engines and lower tare weights. London would be less congested if it were served by larger fleets of smaller buses, and these would be better tailored to the sharply fluctuating traffic. There is a scientifically supported case for the ten or twelve-seater bus with a small, economical engine. It would use less fuel, cause less congestion and provide the flexible schedules which travellers require.

LET me now return for a moment to the conditions at the beginning of the month. Garages and filling stations were justified, as it seems to me, in putting their regular customers first; but this made things difficult for some of us who had to drive long distances. There were miles—usually near the large towns—when it looked as if the fuel gauge would beat the filling station. But my general impression was that the garages and filling stations were remarkably fair in the way they handled a difficult situation. They did not get much praise; but they deserved it.

As for the reactions of motorists: they were as varied as they must always be, seeing that motorists are a cross-section of the community. There were not many who went in for trying to store petrol. In fact it is a useless procedure for, unless a person has tank storage of enormous capacity, the amount that can be kept is relatively too small to matter. Collecting

two-gallon cans and filling them struck me as the height of absurdity.

One good thing which has come out of all this fuel trouble is that it has exposed the inefficiency of the commercial licensing system. The Ministry of Transport and Civil Aviation actually had to issue a special notice so that: "during the period of fuel rationing, vehicles operating under "C" licences could make the maximum contribution to the saving of motor fuels." At other times—it would appear—it does not matter how much they are forced by law to waste "motor fuels."

And that brings me back to the point I made earlier: that we, in this country, ought not to go back to motoring regardless of fuel economy. We should always in the future seek to obtain our mileages for a lower fuel consumption than the countries which have their own, secure and plentiful supplies.

The objective must be to keep that fact before both the private road vehicle user and the public when easier times are here again.



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Prices from **£565** (plus £283.17.0 P.T.) Selective automatic two-pedal control available as an optional extra on the saloon.

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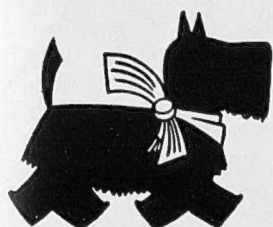
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LOW's AUTO- BIOGRAPHY



The autobiography of the greatest political cartoonist
of our times. "Witty, hard-hitting, rich with anecdote"

JOHN RAYMOND (*Sunday Times*)

Published by Michael Joseph Ltd at 30/- (Illustrated)



FRITZ HALLGARTEN, the Rhineland wine expert, is seen in his London office—which houses a part of the ancient Roman Wall—with our contributor Mr. Isaac Bickerstaff

DINING OUT

Ambrosial pages

THE non-stop variety continues. Invitations to all sorts of parties keep arriving, and deciding which ones to accept presents quite a problem.

Something has turned up, however, which for a change solves the puzzle, a most important one as far as I am concerned, of what to give my most intimate fellow tipplers for a Christmas present. The answer has appeared in the form of a book *The Compleat Imbiber* (edited by Cyril Ray, designed by F. H. K. Henrion and Jane Mackay, Putnam 25s.).

This book, as part of the blurb on the cover quite rightly says: "... is not merely an assembled pæan in praise of strong liquor, but the record of innumerable anecdotes arising from the conviviality of man," and what talent has been recruited to support this "noble theme"! We have Louis Golding telling a delightful tale of an evening he spent on the hilltops above Amalfi, when he drank more litres of wine than ever before and became haunted by a poem he wrote under its influence at the time, which started and finished with a verse that went:

"A Brass Moon and a Bronze Moon
Fought in a Sulphur Sky.
I was not certain which won
And which lay down to die."

Raymond Postgate blows the chi-chi out of the business of "the buying, storing and drinking of wine" and gives a lot of sensible and useful information at the same time.

We have the eminent George Gulley analysing to perfection the frustrations we all suffer in theatre bars, and in a separate chapter suggesting some games for Christmas which he says are "designed to promote goodwill." If played to his design I can guarantee they will cause an uproar.

SIR ALAN HERBERT puts teetotalism exactly where it belongs, and Patrick Campbell gives a most hilarious description of some of his adventures as a hardened imbiber from the age of nine up to the present day.

Enough: I could go on for ever, but remember I have only mentioned five of the thirty-one contributors and that the rest are of the same stature.

Now let us remove our spectacles and return to practical imbibing; this time to a lunch party at that elegant establishment "The Connaught in Carlos" given by Alejandro Cassinello and his father, G. Cassinello, to introduce various members of some of the well-known wine firms to Don Francisco de la Riva, whose sherries they distribute in this country, and where one met such old friends as Eddie Tatham of Justerini and Brooks, Alfred Langenbach of Percy Fox, and many others, including André Simon, who was the guest of honour. Here the main course was *Suprême de Faisan Connaught*, a speciality of the house, with *Soufflé Florentine* and *Cœur de Celeris au Beurre*, which was accompanied by Château Latour 1934 in magnums, and with the Fromages a very interesting sherry, an Amontillado Extra Tonel 1819.

That evening to a private room at the Savoy where Fred Cockburn gave a party to celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of his firm (it was founded in 1814) becoming a private company, and to introduce his guests to their Dry White Aperitif Port, which was served chilled, instead of cocktails and proved an excellent alternative.

—I. Bickerstaff

DINING IN

Turkey time hints

ALREADY I have cooked my first Christmas dinner of 1956. I thought that it would be a good idea to cook a turkey in advance so that, with the experience very fresh in my mind, I might be able to pass on any little helpful tips for the benefit of beginners. Most people tackle a turkey only once a year and, between times, forget the snags they ran into. Only once a year—but, with prices as low as they have been, turkey turns out to be no more expensive than prime beef, lamb, veal or pork.

I ordered the bird, ready for the oven, by post from P.P. Poultry, Limited, The Bury Farm, Chesham, Bucks. I did not worry about any "lucky dip," as it were, because, not long ago, I had visited a turkey farm in the neighbourhood and had then discovered the immense care which, since the war, has gone into the rearing of British turkeys in order to get the heaviest flesh weight for bone.

Breeders of British turkeys have always bred the best but, today, the industry is enormous and the cost is likewise, so that weaklings are not reared. The turkey farm I visited produces something like 40,000 birds per year. It is only one of many. Impossible to picture such multitudes of birds.

Get your stuffings ready the day before you cook the bird. This will save time. But do not stuff it until you are ready to put it in the oven. I made a chestnut stuffing for the breast and a general mixed one for the body.

For the body stuffing, start with 4 oz. fat bacon, cut into smallish pieces. Gently fry these with a chopped shallot. Add the turkey liver and gently cook it until it is firm enough to be chopped. Remove it and chop it when it cools. Meanwhile, add to the pan 2 oz. butter and the crumbs from a small white loaf. Cook the crumbs in the pan, turning them over and over until all are a deep warm cream.

NOW add a tablespoon of chopped parsley, a teaspoon of lemon thyme, the grated rind of a lemon, the chopped liver and freshly milled pepper and salt to taste. Leave until next day, then add a chopped apple, a handful of stoned raisins, a beaten egg and enough strained stock from the giblets to make the mixture quite moist. If you like the flavour of celery, finely mince a stalk or so and cook it in the giblet stock. Press out the moisture in a sieve and add the celery to the stuffing, cutting down the giblet stock as required. You can also add a tablespoon of brandy, if you like!

After stuffing the turkey, wet and drain three or four thicknesses of greaseproof paper. Place the bird on them. Brush thickly with barely melted butter and wrap well with the paper. Have the oven heated to 325 degrees F. or gas mark 2. Place the turkey on one side on a special turkey rack (obtainable from Harrods ironmongery department). Give a 12- to 14-lb. bird $4\frac{1}{2}$ to 5 hours in all, turning it to the other side after 2 hours and again turning it (on to its back, this time) for the last $\frac{1}{2}$ to 1 hour.

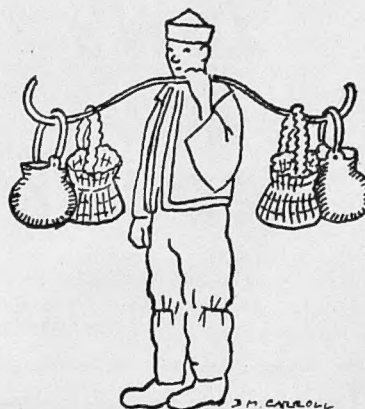
That turkey should be a warm gold all over. If, however, it is not quite brown enough, it is an easy matter to remove the paper, baste the bird and give it just long enough to brown.

I might mention here that, if a turkey is placed on its heated platter and returned to the oven (heat off) for at least 10 minutes before going to table, it will carve better.

If, after the turkey first goes into the oven, you put your Christmas Pudding on to re-boil, it should be perfect at dishing-up time.

A Happy Christmas to all of you who are kind enough to read my notes!

—Helen Burke



AN ILLUSTRATION from *Good Food From The Balkans* (Muller, 12s. 6d.), by Meriel Buchanan, which contains many interesting recipes for dishes with exotic names, calculated to tempt the appetite and rouse the imagination

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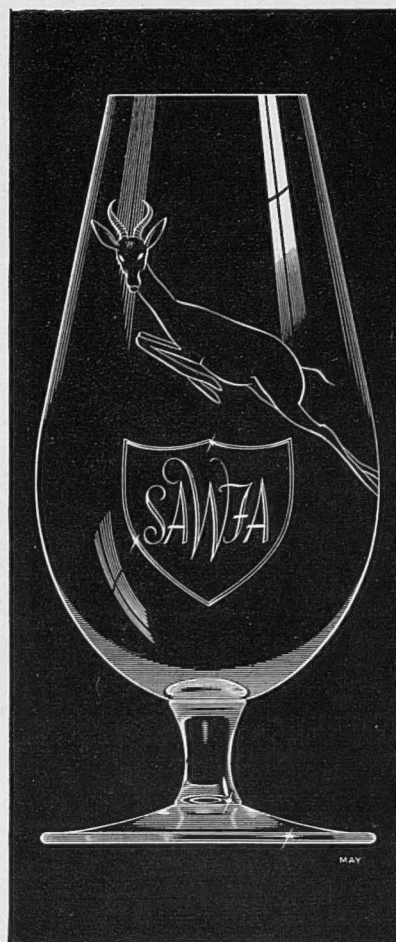
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